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LIFE OF
ARCHIBALD GARDNER

UTAH PIONEER OF 1847

THE LIFE OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER

Written by
DELILA GARDNER HUGHES

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DELILA GARDNER HUGHES

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ARCHIBALD GARDNER

"Now, you children, turn your hearts to your fathers. Learn their ways. Follow in their steps. Do as they did. Live as they lived. Have faith as they had faith. Follow in fine courage and true loyalty your leader as they followed their leader. Lest, as the prophet of old foretold, the Lord shall come and smite the earth with a curse." J. Reuben Clark.

The paramount purpose of this biography is to stir the inner consciousness of every descendant of our worthy ancestors to a thrilling appreciation of the sources from which we came, the noble clay of which we are moulded. If we, their posterity, do not measure up to the full stature of our possibilities, it is our fault, not that of the substance of which we are formed.

PREFACE

During the holiday season of 1901 at the home of her father, Neil Gardner, the author was requested by her grandfather to write his biography. This promise she gladly gave, little realizing at the time what that promise involved.

The two-weeks' holiday was devoted to taking down incidents of his early life. He died the following February. Then the magnitude of her promise began to unfold.

Some time later Aunt Delila, from data she had access to, compiled a year-by-year journal of his life and that of the family. He had written a diary up to 1851 and short sketches at various times thereafter. The Church Historian's office yielded valuable information. Relatives from Star Valley contributed the colorful account of his life there.

His diary included short sketches of his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. A strong band of kinship knit the Gardner family, and so this volume makes numerous mention of those near and dear to him.

Much of the success of his stupendous life-achievements in this desert wild was due to the willing cooperation of the splendid women who were his wives, and his upright, industrious children. Their doings were so closely interwoven that the author has not tried to untangle them. Short sketches of his splendid wives are also included.

The great motivating force in his life was his vibrant and sustaining faith in the Church of Jesus Christ and his unflinching desire to help his fellowman.

May his descendants carry on!

Grateful acknowledgment is made to all who have contributed to what we believe is an authentic biography of this great Utah Pioneer of 1847, and his wives.

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THE LIFE OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER

THE LAND OF OUR SIRES

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

Scott: "Lay of the Last Minstrel"

What of the land that produced our early progenitors? They were a race of strong men, large of stature, of athletic build and great physical endurance. A love of liberty burned within them as did their sense of justice, yet they were kind and gentle to friends and loved ones.

Scotland is one of the smallest of European countries, about one-third the area of Utah, but it has produced a galaxy of heroes whose names are synonyms of daring and chivalry.

Heroic deeds invariably call forth men to guard their memory by song and story. So the land of Wallace and Bruce has also been the home of Burns and the immortal novelist of Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott.

The country was not called Scotland until the Scots, a Celtic people, came over from Ireland and gave their name to it. The Picts already occupied the northeastern section. There are two points in which the history of this country and of the people is unlike that of most of the other countries of Europe. Firstly, it was never subdued and taken into the great Roman Empire (England was under Roman rule four hundred years,) and, secondly, we find the Celtic people, instead of disappearing before the Teutons, held their ground against them so well that in the end the Teutons were called by the name of the Celtic

people, were ruled by Celtic kings, and fought for the independence of the Celtic kingdom as fiercely as if they had themselves been the Celtic race.

The topography of the country varies. The northern part is nearly cut off from the rest of Britain by the Firths of Forth and Clyde (only thirty miles separates them) as almost to form a separate island. This peninsula is again divided into Highlands and Lowlands. Roughly speaking, we may say that all the west is Highland and the east, Lowland. A range of mountains sweeping in a semi-circle from the Firth of Clyde to the mouth of the Dee may be taken as a line of separation, though the Lowlands extend still further north along the eastern coast. The nature of the country has had a decided influence on the people. The Lowlands are fertile and well watered, and the people living there are peaceable and industrious; hence, on seaboard and inland are populous and thriving towns. The Highlands, on the contrary, are made up of lakes, moors, and barren hills, whose rocky summits are well-nigh inaccessible, and whose heathclad sides are of little use even as pasture. In the glens between the mountains, where alone any arable land is to be found, the crops are poor, the harvests late and uncertain, and vegetation of any kind, very scanty. The Highlanders long ago became discouraged by the barrenness of their native mountains, where even untiring industry could only secure a scant living. They were tempted by the sight of prosperity so near them and found it a lighter task to lift the crops and cattle of their neighbors than to raise their own. In earlier times they were given to pillaging the more fortunate Lowlanders who justly dreaded them as a scourge. The lay of the land, the internal strife, the invasions from without so impoverished the country from the early dawn of its history to the union with England that Scotland was perennially on the verge of starvation. During the eighteenth century productive industry and intellectual culture did much to improve the Lowland population. But the Highlands remained for some time in a very bad state. The spirit of the people was broken, and the severe climate, barren soil, and lack of minerals left them no resources but the fisheries. The Highland Society, founded in 1784, greatly aided agriculture by reclaiming the waste districts. Later great numbers of the people emigrated. This migration was so great in the early part of the nineteenth century that there was danger that the country would be left desolate and relapse into barrenness. Our people,

Robert Gardner and family, turned their faces to the west, were borne on the tide, and established themselves in the New World.

In early times all the education that was in reach of the people had been offered to them by the Church. Schools were founded and maintained in several towns by the great monasteries. Scotland has had the advantage of a national system of elementary education for over two centuries. A school was established in every parish by a law of 1696. This scheme did effective service for the education of the people till the great increase of population, especially in towns, rendered it unequal to the task laid on it. By the passing of the Education Act of 1872 board schools have superseded the old parish schools. Higher education has been and is available at the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews. The latter was founded in 1411 A. D., Glasgow, in 1450 A. D., King's College and University at Aberdeen, 1494, then Edinburgh University in 1582. Among the Lowland population book learning has always been in advance of material comfort. So our ancestor Robert Gardner, a Lowlander, born in 1781, had opportunities for learning, and took advantage of them, for he was regarded as a "good scholar."

And what of the spirit and courage that our early emigrant ancestors brought with them?

When a Scotchman's blue eyes kindle at mention of his native land, you know there is a love and reverence for the memories of the heroes who have lived and died for his country's welfare and freedom.

It is not a strange sight for a traveler in Scotland to see a native son lead his children to the landmarks of their country's history, and under the same sky that arched above Robert Bruce, and in the shadow of the Wallace monument, recount those deeds which are their proudest heritage. Robert Gardner, Sr., handed down these tales to his "bairns". They in turn repeated them to their children and their children's children. Great grandfather was imprisoned for nine weeks in Stirling Castle, that old historic fortress that had housed so many famous personages. Perhaps he spent those nine weeks in the very dungeon where Roderick Dhu, of "The Lady of the Lake" fame, was left to die. Perhaps he mounted the castle wall, where it broods over a perpendicular precipice of many hundred feet, and scanned the level plain below, every foot of which is richly studded with historic

events. From this height on a clear day he could see his home town of Kilsythe a few miles away. Perhaps he peered through the small peephole in the wall through which Mary Queen of Scots is said to have been in the habit of gazing. The history of Scotland might be read from this eminence as on a book of mighty page. Here within the compass of a few miles we see the field where Wallace won the battle of Stirling, the plain where were fought the battles of Falkirk and Sheriffmuir, and historic Bannockburn where the immortal Robert Bruce won the victory that gave Scotland her independence.

The very air he breathed was charged with valor, daring, and patriotism. Nine weeks of imprisonment, however, were sufficient to fill great-grandfather's soul with resentment against the injustice meted out to him and to give him the determination to leave this the land of his birth and seek his fortune in a far country.

2

THE LIFE'S STORY OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER
IN SCOTLAND

"I was born in Kilsythe, which is twelve miles east of Glasgow on the main road to Edinburgh, Scotland, on September 2, 1814.

"My father's name was Robert Gardner. He was born March 12, 1781, at or near Huston, Renfrewshire, Scotland, in the same locality as were his forefathers. My father was the son of William Gardner and Christine Henderson. Grandfather Gardner was a very strong man and six feet two in his stocking feet. He was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church and very strict-living. My mother was Margaret Calinder. She was born at or near Falkirk, Stirlingshire, Scotland, in January, 1777.

"My maternal grandfather, Archibald Calinder, was a strong, healthy man with never an ache or pain. When he was about fifty years old he went out one morning before breakfast to work a bit in his garden. It was a nice garden with a table and chairs hewn out of rock and surrounded by beech trees. The leaves of the beech remain dried on the trees all winter and are pushed off by swelling buds in the spring. A wind stirred among them and as they rattled, grandfather leaned on his hoe. Grandmother came to call him to his morning meal and seeing him in this unusual position asked what was the matter. 'I do not know,' he said. 'The breeze that rustled the leaves, struck my head and sent a shiver through me.' She started with him to the house, about twenty rods, and before they reached there, he was delirious. He died the next day.

"In his twentieth year, my father married mother in Glasgow.

"Their first child was Margaret, who died at the age of nine months and nine days, of smallpox. My brother William was born in Glasgow, January 31, 1803, as was Christine, who died of the dregs of whooping cough, aged fifteen months and

some days. My sister Mary was born in Kilsythe, Shropshire, Scotland, June 5, 1807, as was Margaret, (the second) born January 20, 1810. She died when about thirteen or fourteen months old. Janet was born at the same place on the fifth of July, 1812.

"I, being next, first opened my eyes to this world in a little rock house across the road from the Garril Oat Mill on the outskirts of the town of Kilsythe, September 2, 1814. Mother's next was a stillborn girl. My brother Robert was born in Kilsythe, October, 1819.

"My father came of goodly parents, the youngest of thirteen children. He was bound out to learn the carpenter's trade and commenced early in his married life to keep a grocery store and tavern, the Black Bull Inn. He later rented the Garril Mill from the Canal Company at which place I was born. Father had a farm which netted him a fair profit. He was a good scholar, but I had very little schooling. When I was about four years old, our family moved to town into the house of a man named Brown. It was at this age I was sent to school. Before I was six, I had learned to read the New Testament, and that was all the instruction I ever received except later when in Canada I attended a night school for nine nights and learned to cipher.

"Times were poor, business dull, and people became dissatisfied with the government. Meetings were held by agitators even privately in our own tavern. Skirmish after skirmish took place. Although young at that time, I still remember the shrill sound of my brother William's glass bugle when it sounded the turnout call at midnight at the Cross of Kilsythe, two houses from ours. The sound of doors opening and shutting along the street, the bugle call, the din that grew louder and louder as company after company went by, made up a night not soon to be forgotten. In a pitched battle that followed, the radicals were defeated. The English government took active measures to suppress the insurrection. Jails and castles were crowded with prisoners, and many honest folk were carried away to prison who had had no hand in the affair. This was the case with father. Because of information given thru spite, the factor of the town, whose great pride was hurt at being defeated in a law suit by my father, worked out his vengeance by reporting him a rebel. Father was taken from his business and imprisoned in Sterling Castle until the judges should arrive to try him. They came in nine weeks. Beard and Hardy were tried, hanged and beheaded,

and a great many rebels were banished to Botany Bay. Father was released as no one appeared to testify against him.

"But a wee lad, I remember the day he came home. Crowds of people went to greet him. Mother took me by the hand, and we met him on the Burn's Green outside of town. Father had often talked of going to America, but after this experience he, wrathful and indignant, told mother he would go if he had to turn sailor and work his passage across. Before being dragged again from his home and business out of spite, with no chance of redress, he would go where he could enjoy liberty and justice. And so he left the land of his forefathers, and the hand of the Lord was over him as we have seen since.

"Father with brother William and sister Mary emigrated to Canada in the spring of 1822. Mother, sister Janet, Robert, and I remained behind, expecting to follow the ensuing spring. No report came but what would tend to discourage mother. Nevertheless, she sold out all remaining possessions and started for America.

"We got as far as Glasgow when mother's sisters, Lishman and Ann, overtook us with a letter from father. It had been written after they had crossed the ocean, in safety. It gave an account of Mary's sickness aboard ship when she had nearly died of smallpox. But there was no clue to their whereabouts or to the direction they had taken after landing.

"Nevertheless, we took passage aboard the sailing vessel 'Buckingham,' bound for Quebec. The time of passage was five weeks and three days.

"Nothing more was heard of father or the other members of the family until we arrived at Prescott, above Montreal, where he was waiting to greet us. What a surprise! It was a time and meeting long to be remembered. This was in the spring of 1823. I was nine years of age. Father had heard that the wives of twenty-five Scotchmen had followed their husbands who had left under similar circumstances. He had traveled seventy-two miles on foot to see if we were among them.

"From here we traveled ten miles to the home of a man named Grey where William was working. Arriving at noon, just as the men were coming into dinner, Mrs. Grey asked mother to pick-out her son. William had grown very tall in the past

year, and his Scotch plaids, besides being small for him were much the worse for wear. His hair protruded through the holes in his cap; his face was sunburned, and when he came up, mother did not know him but chose Thomas Reed for her son. William in turn not knowing of our arrival, passed her by. But when he did recognize her all present burst into tears. I will never forget this joyful meeting. William quit his job and went with us.

"We started for Brockville after dinner and traveled some twenty miles before night. William and father took turns carrying me, a nine-year-old youngster, on their backs. Once or twice mother bore the burden of my weight when some of the others relieved her of Robert. She carried him most of the time. He was two and one-half years old and not yet weaned.

"We arrived in Dalhousie where sister Mary had remained behind to take care of the place while father came to meet us. Alert and on the watch, she heard us approaching. With her little dog Snap she ran through the woods to meet us. On coming up she burst into tears and returned to the shanty without speaking. Poor little seventeen-year-old Mary! What heartaches, loneliness, and hardships she had borne since she last saw her dear mother and little brother and sister. When we came together, we had another joyful time having been reunited, through the mercy and blessing of God, in a home in the woods of America where we could dwell in liberty and peace with a prospect of plenty. To have a free home of our own in this blessed land was a joy that filled every heart, after the long separation which had been mixed with so many hopes and fears."

3

PIONEERING IN CANADA

"This little log cabin, simple as it was, and the small farm near by had not been acquired without a struggle. The Bathurst District was a very poor part of the country. It consisted of rocky ridges covered with heavy timber, mostly hemlock, pine, and cedar.

"The company of Scotchmen with whom my father, brother, and sister had crossed the ocean, landed in Bathurst District and took up land there, the government giving it free. But it was generally rocky and cold, and a great number of emigrants stayed in their camps, using up what means they had. Some contracted diseases from which they died; others left for the States, while others went to clear their land when their means were almost gone.

"But my father, William, and Mary started from Louark, their camping place, to look for land the day after their arrival. They found it seven miles back in the woods and commenced at once to build a log cabin. Without horses or means of conveyance, all of their luggage was carried on their backs through woods, without a road, through swamps, over logs to their destination. All the provisions and seed for spring planting, potatoes, and everything they used came the same way.

"Once during the winter, father and William were coming home with a backload of provisions. Father went deeper into the snow than usual and sat down. It was solid and three feet deep on the level. Father said to William, 'We will take a drink from the canteen.' But when the cask was pulled, the Scotch whiskey was frozen solid. It must have been very cold or the whiskey very weak. Many such incidents have I heard my father tell in a jolly mood.

"All the emigrants that came at that time had hardships to endure past the common privation suffered in new settlements.

They were in general inexperienced, could not chop, and had no teams either to log, go to mill, or work their land. They felled trees with the ax, carried rails on their shoulders, moved logs with hand spikes. When a house was to be built, from four to sixteen men, spikes in hand, raised each log, carried it to the building, and placed it in position. Some very large structures, thirty to forty feet long, I have seen constructed in this manner.

"And so my father cleared ten acres and had them in crop the first season. Brother William obtained employment on the Erie Canal to get money to help out. He brought home a yoke of two-year-old steers when he had been in the country about three years. Father bought his first yoke after four years of hand labor, having already cleared forty acres of heavy timber.

"One winter all the mills froze up on account of a dry fall and hard weather. William went to Bottom's Mill and stayed five days with a backload of grain and then had to return without getting it ground. At that time my father bought a pepper mill for two dollars, and we ground all our flour in it for over a year. I have stuck to it until I was almost sick of living. To my childish mind a grist mill was mankind's greatest boon. But before we got the pepper grinder we lived one entire winter on bitter or winded potatoes which were a hard thing for a dog to eat.

"During these hardships my sister Janet, aged twelve, took sick with typhus fever. She had complained for months of pains in her side. She got worse, sank into unconsciousness, and never rallied. The night before her passing, those attending her were pouring cold water from a tea kettle onto her head when she said, 'Let me rest. By the middle of the night I will be at the top of the hill.' As she said, at midnight, one night in October, 1824, her spirit took its flight. During all the time she was sick, we could get no flour or meal but obtained a little coarse shorts or fine bran and prepared it for her the best we could. When we tried to get her to eat some, she said, 'Is that for me? Such stuff?' But she had no other while she lived.

"After acquiring the cattle we began building roads, and the settlers became better adjusted to conditions. But the Canadian thistle almost ran us out. It came up among the grain, and we were compelled to reap it with mittens or gloves on our hands while cutting it with a cradle. There were no reapers, mowers, or threshing machines in those days. Wheat began to

rust, the corn froze, and we were forced to eat the bread made from it. I will never forget how I hated it.

"My brother William was married in January, 1829, to Ann Leckie. Robert, his son, was born April 3, 1830; John, on October 24, 1831, and Jane, August 21, 1833, all in Dalhousie, Bathurst District, Canada. But his wife was subject to epilepsy. He had a hard time. He cleared a farm on the banks of what was called Mud Lake on the small Mississippi, Canada. He worked hard in timber, on heavy stony land. The thistles grew thicker and faster after the trees were cleared off so that the people could not make potash. A good many thought of leaving. This was the case with William.

"But we had good times along with the bad. Hunting was excellent, and we did lots of it. During my visits with William, we went out after deer and smaller game which abounded in that region. With the hounds, we chased the deer into the waters of the lake or river and at night stalked them in birch bark canoes. A lantern of bark was fastened to the front of the canoe. It only gave out a forward light. We would paddle up noiselessly until we heard the deer walking in the water. The candle in the lantern was then lighted and not seeing anything back of the light, the deer were fascinated with it. In this way we could get within a few feet of them and had no trouble shooting or even killing them with clubs.

"The 'still hunt' was best after a light snow or when the deep snow was crusted over. With old Watch, the hound, we would go into the woods and kill deer, sometimes two or three a day, which had sunk through the crust of the snow. William was a keen hunter, and we were always supplied with plenty of fresh game; deer, ducks, partridges, geese, etc."

4

SEEK A NEW HOME

"We decided to try our fortunes out farther west. After I had left for home to spend the winter of 1834 and 1835, William and his wife and three children started late in the fall for the new location, five hundred miles west. I followed early next spring, leaving Dalhousie which had been my youthful home for twelve years. Boarding a steamboat at Brockville, I sailed up the St. Lawrence River for some distance then traveled northward on foot all through that section, seeking suitable land. I procured five hundred acres at soldier's rights for fifty cents per acre in Warwick, District of Canada, thirty miles east of Port Sarnia and thirty-five miles west of New London.

"I had some hard experiences that first summer. After selecting my land, I began to clear it of heavy timber. For a week I walked to a shanty two miles away before and after work each day to have the company of fellow laborers. Then one afternoon, I split my foot open with my axe. With the blood streaming from it I ran two miles to the cabin to get it bound up. The men all left the next morning so I crawled on my hands and knees one and one-half miles farther to a shanty where a man and his wife lived. Next morning he went to work for provisions only coming home Saturday nights. Here I lay in bed seventeen days, five hundred miles from home and thirty miles back in the woods, and with strangers. When I was better, William McAlpin and I exchanged work so as to be company for each other. We stuck up some limbs of trees, covered them with bark to form a rude tent, and slept in it. Wolves howled at night among trees that we had felled during the day, and McAlpin would whisper, 'Keep awake, Archie, let us make a fire! These beasts are too close for comfort.' I would say, 'There is no danger. Go to sleep.' I certainly did, and I slept as though in the best bedroom in the world, although all the covers we had were what we had carried in a roll on our backs. Provided with a knapsack containing provisions, dry bread or crackers, and ammunition

weighing forty pounds, a rifle weighing fourteen pounds, besides bedding, I have walked fifty miles a day for days at a time. Our fare consisted of porridge made of flour and water, or cakes of flour and water cooked in a frying pan, varied with a little bacon occasionally. This we subsisted on that summer while doing the heavy job of clearing hardwood timber land. I had only been back to work a week from the first injury, when I cut my other foot on the joint of my great toe. I was so vexed at myself that I said I would work, no matter how it went. I did not lose another hour although my foot continued sore until time to go home in the late autumn. Three hundred of the five hundred miles that lay between me and my folks I traveled on foot. I was very homesick. I felt that if I ever reached my destination, I would value my family and friends. But the homesickness disappeared and I was never troubled afterward.

"The last of the journey was made through cold weather and deep snow. At a station ten miles from home I requested a ride of a doctor who was driving in my direction. He refused. I told him I would beat him to the town tavern. He laughed and said, 'I'll bet you don't.' I said, 'Trot your horse and I'll get there first. Loser sets up the drinks.' It was a bet. I started out and kept ahead of him for a good part of the distance. Then he urged his horse and as we were nearing the tavern, he passed me. But before he could get out of his sleigh and tie up his animal I had entered and so won the bet.

"I spent the winter among old acquaintances, incidentally chopping ten acres of heavy timber and cutting and hauling one hundred saw-logs to raise means. Spring breaking, I started again for the west.

"William and I worked together the summer of 1835 and raised corn, enough for breadstuff for the coming winter. That fall father and mother and the rest of the family joined us. We were now located in Warwick near the lower end of Lake Huron. Of the five hundred acres I had secured, I gave one hundred to William, two hundred to father and kept two hundred for myself.

"During the next two years I worked at home, clearing timber land and farming. We raised corn but no wheat. When a Highland Scotchman who lived about eleven miles west of us proposed to exchange wheat for corn, I decided to avail myself of his very kind offer. Two of his neighbors were taking a grist

to a mill eleven miles beyond the Scotchman's next morning and asked if I would like to join them. I told them I surely would. So I sat up that entire winter night, hewing out a sleigh to carry my grain to the mill.

"Money was scarce in those days, and about the only jobs available for earning any cash consisted in clearing land of timber. The best of men hiring out could only get fifty cents a day for chopping. I was not satisfied with this. So I took a contract to clear certain areas. By rising at five in the morning and working till dark I was able to do two days work in one. I also hired men to help me and so did very well financially.

"The spring after we were all established in Warwick my sister Mary and Geo. Sweeten, a farmer, were married, March 29, 1836. Several children were born to them in the township of Brooke, Kent Co., Canada West, but all died except Margaret, born December 28, 1837, and Robert, December 14, 1840. When the latter was two years old, on Christmas eve, Mary was called upon to mourn the death of her husband. After four years of widowhood she married Roger Luckham from England, and a daughter, Mary, was born in their Canadian home. Susan, their other daughter, was born in Salt Lake City, October, 1848."

5

A SETTING FOR HIS MILLS

A visitor to this part of Canada today can hardly visualize what that country looked like a hundred years ago. Now level farms stretch for miles in every direction which was once a dense forest—a howling wilderness.

The trees were felled, cut into sixteen-foot lengths, hawled with oxen, piled in stacks seven or eight logs wide and four or five high, and burned the next summer. Planting was done between stumps which took years to rot. Years of untiring labor were necessary to get a start in life.

From the concessions of Brooke Township, Aunt Delila in 1830 obtained the following information:

"The Township of Brooke is bounded on the north by the township of Warwick, on the west by Enniskillen, on the south by Euphemia and on the east by Metcalfe and Mosa, in the county of Middlesex.

"The main branch of the Sydenham river, commonly known as Bear Creek, traverses an uneven course through the south eastern portion of the Township which was surveyed by Samuel Smith, in 1832 and opened for sale in 1833.

"It is hard to establish the exact date of the first settlers, but on inquiry of the best informed pioneers, one of the very earliest, if not the earliest settlers was Archibald Gardner who settled at the sight of Alvinston some time previous to the Rebellion. He built the Brooke Mills here some say in 1836 and other place it as late as '39. He was the first not only in the township but in a very large territory comprising the adjacent townships on all sides. The exact site of the original Brooke mills, was where Branau's splendid Mills now stand on the right bank of Bear Creek. According to some, it was as late as 1846 when R. W. Branau (Father of the present proprietor of the mills) came in from Metcalfe and purchased Gardner's right.

That right lay in the mill alone, the land was subsequently purchased by Mr. Branan from the government at the time of the commencement of the railroad in 1881. When Gardner sold the mill there was no approach whatever to even a country village. The entire improvements consisted of Branan's mill, a small store kept by one Leach and a little tavern by William Benner. These men with their families made up the population of the locality. Occasionally the family of Branan's miller joined them. In 1881 there were nine hundred settlers. They held out from incorporating the town until after the county built a new bridge across the Sydenham river or Bear Creek, costing \$2,000. The latter is spanned now by a large expensive bridge costing many thousands of dollars."

Municipal records of the township exist as far back as 1842 which was the year of its organization and we extract the following from same:

"The first town meeting in the Township of Brook was held at the Brooke Mills on Monday the 3rd day of January, 1842." In electing their many officers we found Archibald Gardner's name among others as a "fence viewer." I think this is the only public office he ever held in Canada.

6

PUBLIC NEEDS

"Life in Warwick, Canada, was one of pioneering. With settlements so far away we had no stores to go to. The clothes which we wore came from the backs of the sheep in our own pastures. After being clipped, the wool was cleaned and carded by the women. The nearest carding machines were from thirty to fifty miles away. The carded wool was spun into yarn on the old spinning wheel and then woven into cloth on hand looms. This cloth the wives and mothers made into clothes for men, women, and children in our own kitchens.

"In 1835 the homes in our locality were built of logs; the better ones were of hewn, the humbler ones of rough logs. Floors were of split logs, flat side up. Glass windows there were unknown. A little slide was thrown back admitting light when it was not too cold. Doors were of split and hewn logs. Lumber was out of the question. Flour mills were also very scarce. They were found in the larger communities but in the newly settled districts people ground their grain in little stones set in the hearth. I felt that the crying need of our locality was for mills. I decided to undertake the building of one.

"Consulting a millwright, I was informed that with four hundred dollars and what labor I could do, a start might be made. Nevertheless, I looked up a site, and located one nine miles from where we lived. Work was commenced but due to the Patriot War, all the men quit work and the dam being left at a critical time, flushed out. Nothing remained of a summer's work but the mill frame. Next spring there was a prospect of peace and I commenced anew. Work began on the 27th of March and on the 17th of July I ground my first grist. The mill all told cost me \$3300 but I had accomplished what I had set out to do. I was not much more than a boy and what a debt I had on my hands! I worked in and out of water, both day and night alone. All the sleep I got was while the wheat in the hopper held out.

I did this for five months to pay off expenses and get clear of debt. I then built a saw mill which filled the other great community need and got along well having custom for thirty miles around.

"We Gardners felt the need of a church. So we met together and built one in a day and held services the same night. The following poem was written in 1839—in Brooke township, Canada, and describes how it was done."

A GARDNER CHURCH

The morning came, I was not idle.
I caught my steed, and spanned my bridle.
And four white feet, in swift succession
Soon brought me to the Sixth Concession.
The sun was gilding all creation,
The songsters warbling adoration,
No note to me was half so cheering
As that I heard in Gardner's clearing.

The busy din of axes bounding:
Chips were flying, woods resounding,
Drawing, sawing, shingle making,
Each one busy, no one speaking.
Corner men were busy fitting,
Working standing, working sitting,
Hands beneath, in full enjoyment
With skids and handspikes in employment.

The walls were raised, the roof erected,
In quicker time than we expected.
Each man to shingle, took his station
While hammers smacked in operation.
Next came the moments for devotion,
When every hand suspended motion.
We sang and prayed and parted praising,
"God bless the friends of Gardner's raising."

Author Unknown.

"A WOOING I WOULD GO!"

"When I look over my past life I see plainly how the hand of the Lord has guided my footsteps and kept me from mistakes which might have proven serious.

"During the second summer in Warwick, Canada West, I was engaged in clearing land of heavy timber. I made the acquaintance of two genial young Irishmen. They were brothers, very likable fellows, and we soon became close friends. One day a letter brought the happy news that their father and two sisters were leaving 'Ould Ireland' for America and would join them soon.

"From then on all conversation between us was of the Irish family—the two sisters—Ah, they were beautiful! The youngest was a mere slip of a girl, but the older one! She had eyes of heavenly blue—and her features were divine. Just the one to make me a fine wife. I must come and meet them as soon as they landed.

"The day of their arrival came. The brothers met their sisters. Happy greetings were exchanged but the girls brought the sad news that their father had died during the voyage and had been buried at Quebec. During the discussion of all that had transpired since they last parted, my name came up. I was described to them in glowing terms, my fine physique, my prowess, my skill with the axe, keen wit—ah, I was a marvel of perfection. Sister must meet me.

"When we were introduced a few evenings later, I was not disappointed. She was all she had been pictured and more. It was love at first sight. I proposed marriage to her then and there. She accepted and the happy day was set for a few days hence. Arrangements were made. The minister lived next door to my beloved. The eventful day arrived. Dressed in my best and

with beating heart I went for my bride. Without a misgiving I approached the gate. There a strange feeling came over me and I could not go in. I struggled with myself. I thought if I walked around a bit maybe it would wear off. I did so and went towards the gate the second time. The feeling repelled me as strongly as before. What was the matter? I had made my pledge and must go through with it. I walked around a second time, then a third time. I steeled myself to go thru the gate. A power stronger than mine forced me back. I gave it up and went home. A note telling her I could not go thru with the marriage was sent by brother Robert, a young lad at that time. He handed it to her. She read it and with palid face passed it to her brothers. They read it and flew into a rage. Poor Robert, he got out of there as best he could and sped for home. I thought it wise to lay low for a while and did not see any of the Irish family for months. Then one day I met one of the brothers and was surprised when he extended a friendly hand. He told me that his sister, the one I was to have married, had had a baby six months after the time I should have wed her. Then with a twinkle in his eye, 'How in the devil did you find out?'

"When the father was near death's door, he had placed his two daughters for guidance and protection under the care of a trusted friend who was traveling with them. This betrayer of confidence was the father of the infant. He later married the girl.

"Another Experience—At one time I met a young woman at a wedding reception. She was a relative of the bride and lived at a distance. She was an attractive girl and I at once fell desperately in love with her. She went home the day after the reception. I was very much upset. I could think of nothing else in the day time and I dreamed of her by night. Her image haunted me. I determined to pay her a visit. She lived sixty miles away through the woods. Persuading a friend to accompany me, we started on foot. I broke trail through snow almost knee deep the entire distance. We arrived at the foot of the hill. Her home was at the top. Being very warm, tired and thirsty, I lay down and drank from an ice cold spring. Violent cramps seized me. I was taken to her home. When they wore off and I was better, she came in. What had I seen in her? I was disgusted with her and with myself. I started for home at once, cured of a case of puppy love.

"I will mention another incident. I went with two Irishmen to cut a road through the woods of Brooke Township where I later had a mill and stayed all night with a Highland Scotchman. Our bed was spread out on the floor in front of the fireplace. After we had retired for the night, three young girls passed through the room. I did not notice the first or second but when the third came in, although I had never before seen her, something spoke to my understanding, 'That is your future wife.' I learned her name, Margaret Livingston, and had a five minute talk with her before she departed for her work in Detroit. As I could not get her out of my mind, I decided to take another little walk of a hundred and ten miles to see her. The weather was very cold, the snow sixteen inches on the level. My companion went only part way and I broke the trail the entire distance. Upon arriving at the city of her employment, I found her address. In the afternoon I was permitted to see her at the gate. I tried to arrange a meeting that evening but she was not allowed to go out or see anyone. I was so provoked at this that I went home the next day without any further interview. I courted and asked other girls to marry me but circumstances seemed to upset my plans. Always my mind reverted to Margaret. When the mill was well started, I sent to Detroit for her. She came and I married, February 19, 1839, my little Highland Scotch lassie. She was born at Loch Gilphead, in Argyllshire, Scotland, October 12, 1818.

"At Brooke Township, County Kent, Western District, Canada, the following children were born to us: Robert, February 1, 1840; Nell, June 24, 1841; Archibald, April 10, 1843; and Janet, April 9, 1845."

LIFE IN CANADA IN THE '40'S

"I built a second grist mill in the township of Enniskillen, Western District, Canada, twenty seven miles by the road from our home at the first mill. Here we had good burr stones, two good smutters, silk bolts, one for country trade, the other for merchant work. My father had milled in Scotland for several years about the time I was born. He now helped me at my grist mill in Brooke Township nine miles from his farm.

"On October 19, 1844, we had our first great sorrow. Our baby Archibald died of bowel trouble at his place of birth, aged 18 months.

"At this time my brother William was clearing land in Warwick. It was good land but heavy with timber and back in the woods a long way from the old settlement and from navigation. Their little family consisted of three children born in Dalhousie and William in Warwick. But brother William could not work. His wife's health had become so bad that she had to be watched constantly. Already she had, in an epileptic seizure, fallen into the flames of the open fireplace and burned her hand to a cinder and the flesh off her throat. Her face was dreadfully disfigured and her mind gone. William was tender and kind and took the best care of her he could, but he was poor and in a new country and nothing to subsist on but the earnings from the labor of his own hands. Her father wrote to him to bring her to Dalhousie as she had three sisters who would care for her until her own children grew old enough to take that responsibility. Poor William, carrying his baby and assisting his unfortunate wife, they walked the five hundred miles back to her parents' abode. That was a sad home coming.

"One day she slipped out of the house and ran into the woods where a large kettle of boiling water was on an open fire. She leaned over, peered into it, took a fit and fell in. So dread-

fully scalded was she that death claimed her in a few days. Her baby William was left with the grandparents. They raised him to manhood and he in turn was a blessing to them, caring for them in their old age. After their passing, he went west to Warwick, Ontario, and secured the land his father had left when he went to Utah."

From Jane Gardner Bradford's diary: (Jane was William's daughter.)

"Then father came home having left mother and the baby with her folks for a while, until he got things more comfortable for her (she was in very poor health). But she died there and we never saw her again. Poor mother! how sad her fate! What a tragle end! And her unhappy little ones. I think the saddest misfortune that can come to children is to lose their mother.

"One of the first things I can remember is being carried to Aunt Mary's, about a mile away. We had to cross a big creek. How the water frightened me! How lonely I was, for Aunt Mary had no children at that time. Father thought to leave me with her for a while; but I was so desolate. Every time the boys came I cried to go home with them. Two or three times I wandered off and tried to find our abode by myself. So Aunt Mary sent me to father, fearing I would get lost in the woods. I can well remember the feeling of disappointment at not seeing my dear mother when I arrived.

"Father was very religious. He belonged to the Methodist church. He taught us children to read the Bible, and we devoted much time to it. We could repeat all the books of the Bible, both the Old and New Testament, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and many passages of Scripture besides a good many hymns—all before I was seven years old.

"The nearest town was thirty miles. When father went to market he stayed over night and so sent me to be cared for by Grandmother Gardner until he returned. I suppose we got along as well as children generally do without a mother. We were blessed with a good, kind father whose trials were greater than we knew.

"I did not go to school. There was none any where near where we lived. How I longed to read before I was able to!

But I mastered the art while still quite young.

"Grandfather Gardner had an old bookcase full of books up in the garret. My brother used to bring them home. One after another was diligently studied. We became the best readers in all the country round. I do not remember father having any books other than the Bible and Hymn Book. When I was about seven years old my father married again."

Archibald's diary:

"William, my brother, later married Janet Livingston, my wife's sister, and raised a large family. His son Robert was thrown from a horse in the spring of 1845 and died about three months later. He was a faithful Latter-day Saint, a noble boy, fifteen years of age at the time of his death. He lies buried in a lonely spot just northeast of his old Canadian home. Fifty years later his brother Neil L., while on a mission to Canada, stood over the mound that marked his resting place. Although the home had changed hands several times, the sacred spot had been respected throughout the years."

9

THE GOSPEL MESSAGE

"Sometime in the year 1843 a Latter-day Saint, Elder John Borrowman, preached the Gospel to us. William with his wife and family were the first to accept it. They were baptized in 1843. Robert joined next and subsequently the whole family except father. He was baptized years later in Mill Creek.

"Robert says of his initiation into the church: 'We went about a mile and a half into the woods to find a suitable stream. We cut a hole through ice eighteen inches thick. My brother William baptized me. While under the water, though only a second, (it seemed a minute) a bright light shone around by head and my body glowed with warmth. I was confirmed while sitting on a log beside the stream, under the hands of Samuel Bolton and brother William, Bolton being mouth.'

"I cannot describe my feelings at the time and for a long time afterwards. I felt like a little child and was very careful of what I thought or said or did lest I might offend my Father in Heaven. Reading the Scriptures and secret prayer occupied my leisure time. I kept a pocket Testament constantly with me. When something on a page impressed me supporting Mormonism, I turned down a corner. Soon I could hardly find a desired passage. I had nearly all the pages turned down. I had no trouble believing the Book of Mormon. Everytime I took the book to read I had a burning testimony in my bosom of its truthfulness. When I came to the passage where those who read the volume with a prayerful heart were promised a testimony of its truthfulness, there was no room for doubt. Everything was plain to me. I thought I had only to tell my neighbors and they would believe it also. But how mistaken I was. With but a few exceptions, I found I was 'casting pearls before swine'."

Archibald says:

"I heard the Gospel for the first time in the township of

Warwick in the month of March, 1845, from Elder John Borrowman. I was on a visit to Robert's home at the time. It had a familiar ring and I knew from the first that it was true. I made reasonable investigation to reassure myself and with an honest heart was baptized in April, 1845. Sister Mary and husband Roger Luckham were baptized October 21, 1848. Five days after my initiation into the Church Robert and I were ordained Elders. Certificate of membership and authorization to preach the Gospel including commendation of worthy character, reads as follows:

"To whom it may concern: This certifies that Archibald Gardner has been received into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, (organized on the sixth of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty) and has been ordained an Elder according to the rules and regulations of the Church. He is duly authorized to preach the gospel agreeable to the authority of that office and from the satisfactory evidence which we have of his moral character and his zeal for the cause of righteousness and diligent desire to persuade men to forsake evil and embrace the truth. We confidently recommend him to all candid and upright people as a worthy member of society. We therefore, in the name and by the authority of this church, grant unto this our worthy brother in the Lord, this letter of commendation as a proof of our fellowship and esteem, praying for his success and prosperity in our Redeemer's Cause. Given by the direction of a conference of the Elders of said Church assembled in Warwick, Canada West the 5th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty five.

John Borrowman

William Gardner

Elders.

"Mother had belonged to the Methodist Church but believed the Gospel at once and whole heartedly, after hearing it. She had always taught us children faith in God and Jesus Christ and to search the Scriptures. Not long after contacting the new faith she became desperately ill, so ill that her life was despaired of. She insisted on being baptized. The neighbors said that if we put her in the water they would have us tried for murder as she would surely die. Nevertheless, well bundled up, and tucked into a sleigh, we drove her two miles to the place appointed. Here a hole was cut in the ice and she was baptized

Handwritten text, likely a duplicate or transcription of the printed certificate above, written in cursive script.

John Borrowman
William Gardner Elders.

in the presence of a crowd of doubters who had come to witness her demise. She was taken home. Her bed was prepared but she said, 'No, I do not need to go to bed. I am quite well.' And she was.

"One man declared that if she did not die the night of her baptism he would become a Mormon next day, but next day she met him near the place where he had made the statement. He looked at her as if he had seen a ghost, nodded but did not speak. She was on her way, afoot, to her daughter's. He never joined the Church.

"A branch of the Church consisting of twenty-five members was organized by John Borrowman with brother William as Presiding Elder and clerk."

10

ANOTHER MIGRATION

"At the time I joined the church I owned two good grist mills, one saw mill and two hundred acres of land. Persecution against the new religion was relentless. I was so badly treated that I sold out for what I could get, and decided to join the body of Saints. The grist and saw mills in Brooke were valued at six thousand dollars. I let them go for sixteen hundred dollars. The other grist mill worth five thousand dollars, I sold for two thousand. I decided to lose everything else.

"Two men contracted to deliver a certain number of staves on the river by a given time to a man named Garish. Under a twelve hundred dollar bond, they found they were not able to fill their contract so they came to me for help. I asked for extension of time and got it. Then I signed their contract and went to work. We had sixty thousand staves all culled on the river bank at a price of fifty dollars per thousand. When these men heard that I was going to leave, they swore out a complaint, determined to stop me. I decided to lose my share in the staves and my winter's work. I knew full well that the devil had prompted my enemies to get all the means I had obtained to move with, and destroy me also, if they could.

"But I put my trust in the Lord and started from where I was, ten miles south of my old mill. I went to my mother-in-law's, borrowed a horse, rode past my old place to father's home where my wife lay sick. She and the children were being cared for by my folks. I remained there two hours. Then I bade my loved ones farewell before leaving the home of my youth where I had shed many drops of honest sweat and had spent numerous happy days (as far as Gentile happiness goes.) Trusting in the Lord to preserve us all until we should meet again, I started for Port Sarnia on the St. Clair River after dark. I traveled thirty miles and arrived at daybreak next morning. It was about the first of March. Down to the river I went expecting to cross on

the ice. It had given way, to my awful disappointment, and was crowding out of Lake Huron. Cakes of it were rising on edge, sometimes ten feet high. A little piece of the bay remained unbroken and I started out on this. My mind was filled with thoughts of home and loved ones whom I was leaving as an exile. Aroused from my reverie by a cry of alarm, I looked up to see that the ice on which I was standing was all a tremble. Across the river, people from Black River village were shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs for me to go back. I could see down the St. Clair for about ten miles. It was all in motion. The sight fascinated me. When the crowding of the running ice raised the solid ice under my feet, I was obliged to retreat to shore. I climbed up the bank at a point twenty feet above the river and again gazed over the rolling mass which was traveling at a rate of seven miles per hour—at least that is the river's velocity at this point.

"Up the street I went for John Anderson who had accompanied me. Giving him ten dollars of the fifty I had brought along, I requested him to return to my folks and report my safe passage across the angry stream.

"I went down to the river bank and this is the prayer I uttered: 'O Lord, God of ancient Israel, Thou knowest the desires of Thy servant's heart and that I have not done wrong but seek to keep Thy commandments. And as I am fleeing from mine enemies that I may gather with Thy saints, wilt Thou have mercy on Thy servant and stop this ice that I may not fall into the hands of mine enemies? Amen.'

"And then—all fear vanished. I felt the power of faith as I had never felt it before. I started. The sun by this time had lighted up the tall pines behind the village across the river to the west. Now the crowd which was watching my movements from the high ground again began to shout. I stepped to the edge of the unbroken ice. The noise of grinding masses of ice in the river, which up to this time had sounded like a great waterfall, ceased. Nothing could be heard save the shouting of the inhabitants of Black River.

"There was an opening of ten feet between the ice at the bank and the accumulation in the river. I took a running jump and landed knee deep in slush and broken ice, ground up by the waves of Lake Huron three miles above. I wound my way around

openings where the water boiled and swirled; then onward for a mile and eight rods as that is the distance across at this point. When I came near the bank someone reached me a rail. I sprang to the middle of it and then onto the shore with praise and thanksgiving in my heart to God my deliverer. The people were filled with amazement. Some said that I must be a Mormon while others, 'The devil is in the man.' Bewildered, someone inquired, 'What does this mean? Who ever saw the ice stop like this before?' But I knew. My heart was overflowing with gratitude. An acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Davenport, stepped up: 'Oh Archie, what a fright you have given me!' But I shook my head for her to say nothing and passed thru the crowd and on my way."

(Robert Sweeten went back to Canada in 1866, twenty years after the Gardners had left. He stayed with his cousin, Phoebe McAlroy McKellar, wife of Duncan McKellar. Her hotel was in Port Huron, Michigan, about twenty yards from where Archie Gardner landed when he crossed the river that memorable morning in March, 1846. One day while there, a large crowd was gathered on the docks and the subject of the Mormons came up. One man drew the attention of the crowd to an incident he had witnessed with his own eyes—hear say none. He related the story as grandfather had told it many times, how he saw a man—a Mormon—did not know his name—start to cross the river at this place on the running ice. The sight caused so much excitement that a great multitude gathered in no time at this spot. At first people shouted for him to go back but as he came on they stood breathless. The ice jammed in front of him and as he landed, they shouted wildly, waving hats and handkerchiefs. But the man was gone before the people realized it. Then he, Robert Sweeten, spoke up and told them he knew who it was. It was his uncle. The story was verified, by several of Archibald Gardner's old neighbors in Canada, each relating in his own home when visited by Robert Sweeten, how they had heard it from the man Anderson who had been sent back by his uncle to take the news to his relatives.)

"Spring had come and with it mud. I traveled sixty miles over bad roads eating very little. At a tavern I took a drink of spirits, the first I had tasted in years. Trudging on two miles further I began to realize that I was very hungry, tired and sleepy. The long, lonesome journey of seven hundred miles on foot ahead,

thoughts of my sick wife and family still within the reach of my enemies, weighed on me heavily and I again raised my voice in prayer to God, my Father, saying, 'O, Lord, Thou didst hear my prayer and stopped the ice before me for which I am deeply grateful. If it is not asking too much, please send a team this way that I may get a ride. I am still within reach of my enemies, for people saw me cross the river, and there were those in the crowd who knew me.'

"I had prayed but a few moments when I saw two teams approaching. I said to myself, 'I will know if they are sent of the Lord if they will ask me to ride with them.' When the first one drove up, the driver called out, 'Friend, do you wish a ride?' I answered, 'Yes, indeed,' and in my heart I said, 'God bless you.'

"The teamster never asked my name or where I was from. I praised his horses and he drove through mud and lee for about forty five miles. The further he went the better the horses seemed to get. I do not remember seeing a wet hair on them. He left me at a village twenty miles from Detroit and a hundred and ten miles from where I had started without sleep or refreshment. As soon as I had stepped out of the wagon he drove on not asking for pay or giving me time to thank him. Next morning he sent a man for fifty cents. I gave him a dollar. I then went on foot to Detroit and took the train for Kalamazoo one hundred forty miles farther. I had come in ten hours, two hundred fifty miles from home. I now felt safe and went on my way rejoicing. I changed my name almost every day so that I could not be traced. I took a boat at Peru down to Bryant's Landing and thence on foot to Carthage, Illinois. Here I was shown by a Mormon the place where the prophet was martyred. Thence on I went to Nauvoo.

"After remaining eleven days in that deserted city, accompanied by John Borrowman, I started back to meet the folks via St. Louis. We remained about a week at a farmhouse expecting to meet them. Lest they might have gone by, we went on to Joliet. While at a tavern engaging room and board, they passed. A little later we went down to the river to fish and there found them feeding their horses and making ready to start. Oh what a happy meeting! The Lord had spared all my family and relatives and we rejoiced in the faith and spirit of the Gospel.

"My father and brother Robert had remained to settle up my affairs and help get my oxen, wagons and family out of Canada. Robert very narrowly escaped a nine-months incarceration in jail on a trumped up charge. An old Scotch friend of father's, John Wilson of London, Canada West, came along just in the nick of time. He was a lawyer and promised to stand sponsor for Robert and answer to their charges in court. Robert left some of my notes with him and when Robert went on a mission to Canada ten years later he received the money collected from them.

"We went back to Nauvoo. On the way we encountered a small company of Strangites. They extended their sympathy. We did not argue with them but when they became impertinent, told them that if they did not leave we would have to cast out devils. Arriving in Nauvoo in good health and spirits, we found that the Twelve had started for the Rocky Mountains. There were plenty of homes open to us. We could have brick, frame, log or stone houses without cost. The Saints had nearly all left who were able to go, and their homes were standing empty and unsold. They had been driven out and what could not readily be disposed of was left behind. Some had furniture in—chairs, bedsteads, etc. Here for three weeks we fitted up outfits and secured supplies which included flour, parched corn, corn meal and seeds for planting, then started west in companies of ten wagons to the company. We crossed the Mississippi, passed Montrose and camped on the Bluffs a few miles north. Here those who had horse teams sold or traded them for oxen and we proceeded westward. Twelve miles through bad roads, and we camped. The downpour that night brought water around the wagons up to our boot-tops and during the storm a son William was born to Jane, brother Robert's wife, May 22, 1846. This was in Lee County, Iowa. Next morning the mother and baby were made as comfortable as possible and the Canadian Company moved on. We were endeavoring to catch up with the companies from Nauvoo who were ahead. At Bonaparte we bought more flour. We passed Pisgah and Garden Grove where farms had been planted and left for those who were not prepared to go on. At Liberty Pole on Miskete Creek, where President Young and the main body of the Saints were camped a few miles from Sarpes Point, we rested. While there the call was made by the United States Government for a company of five hundred men which was raised in a day or two but which left women and children on the

prairie, some of whom were in poverty, without shelter and sick. Due to this call, our pilgrimage was delayed until the following year. We crossed the river and camped at Cutler's Park for about two months. Here we cut the grass and put up hay preparatory to wintering our cattle. Those we had no immediate use for, we drove in herds up the Missouri Bottoms into the rushes. We then selected a place two miles from Cutler's Park on the Missouri Bottoms and moved to it, naming it Winter Quarters, now Florence."

From Jane Gardner Bradford's diary:

"We left our home in Canada to gather with the Saints, on the last day of March, 1846. The second day of our journey our horses ran away. They smashed things up, nearly frightened us to death, but fortunately no one was injured. It took a month to get to Nauvoo. We crossed the Mississippi the first day of May and camped on the bluffs on the west bank. There brother John had the measles. Remained here two or three weeks then traveled till we came to a town called Farmington on the Des Moines River. Crossing, we camped near a town called Bonaparte. Here I had the measles. During the week we tarried, we finished buying for our outfits. The journey across the state of Iowa was slow and trying and made under great difficulties. Remaining at Council Bluffs until after the Mormon Battalion were on their way to Mexico, we with many others crossed the Missouri River. When father maneuvered his team and wagon onto the ferryboat, one yoke of wild steers jumped into the river with the yoke still holding them together and started back. One steer swam faster than the other and they circled round and round, all the time getting nearer the middle of the stream. Then father, without taking off his boots or clothing, plunged into the river after the animals, and grasping the tail of the fastest swimmer, held him back. This headed them towards shore and so they were saved.

"We camped on quite a high hill for several weeks. At this time I learned to knit from some of the girls in camp. It was here dear baby sister Janet, aged fourteen months, died and was buried along with so many others.

"Shortly after this we moved down on a kind of flat and spent the winter. So the place got the name Winter Quarters.

That season was long and bleak and bitter. We suffered from cold and hunger and most of us from sickness. Some were very in, father worst of all. He came nearly dying. Mother found a doctor whose ministrations helped him and he recovered."

11

AT WINTER QUARTERS

"My brother Robert, James Craig and I took a contract to get out mill timber which we did with the approbation of the Church Presidency. Robert did the hewing of same with a beveled axc."

(From Daily Journal of the Church)

"Tuesday, September 29, 1846; President Young, Elder Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards were busy locating a bridge across Turkey Creek, at the head of Main street and at 2:00 p. m. let contracts for building a mill.

"Archibald Gardner contracted to furnish the heavy timber at \$4.75 per hundred, hewn. William Felshaw bid off the framing at \$1.70½ per square of ten feet and agreed to counter hew."

"The Church Presidency voted to remember us and if there were any good jobs to let after we reached the valleys, we were to be given preference. President Young paid us in goods at St. Louis prices, and the balance in cash to the last cent. He let us change a hundred dollar bill and take our pay out of it, leaving it in our hands three weeks. When I went with it, Rockwood said we might keep it until called for.

"Winter had come when we commenced to build our houses. We had hauled wood for the wives of those who had gone with the Mormon Battalion and helped them in various ways and so did not get into our own homes until about New Year's. It was a winter of much sickness. I was the only one in our family who was not confined to bed. I never enjoyed better health at any time in any country. On October 10, 1846, Janet, my baby girl, aged eighteen months, died. It was two years to the day since her brother Archibald has passed away of the same complaint—bowel trouble—and at the same age, excepting that she was one day older. About the same time Janet, daughter of my brother

William, died and was buried there. My wife was sick for about three weeks as was our son Robert. Father and Roger Luckham were very ill with scurvy which was the general complaint thought to be due to the lack of vegetables in the diet and the fact that we lived on dry foods. Brother William, his son John, and daughter Jane were sick in my house most of the winter.

"There was so much sickness when little Janet died, that the care of the living left no time for mourning for the dead and so our baby was laid away hurriedly and unceremoniously. But when general health returned we grieved for the loss of our little one and have never ceased to mourn for her.

"During our stay at Winter Quarters, my second son Neil, a boy of five and a half years, was run over by one of Bishop Hunter's wagons loaded with eight large green cottonwood logs. They were to be split with the maul, or mallet and wedge, into house logs. The wagon was drawn by four yoke of stout cattle. They had halted to rest and my two little boys were swinging on the chain under the wagon. When the driver gave the signal to start, Robert crawled out but Neil was caught between the wheels. The hind one ran over his breast leaving him senseless on the ground. We called upon Phineas Richards and he administered to him. Then for three days and nights we kept him perspiring and his blood circulating by pouring water on hot bricks wrapped in cloths which were tucked around him so that he did not turn black. Through our efforts and by the prayer of faith he was miraculously healed.

"In the spring of 1847 I sold the good log house which we had lived in three months and had cost me about one hundred dollars, for a gun valued at ten dollars."

12

CROSSING THE PLAINS

"The Gardner clan started for the mountains about the 21st of June in Bishop Hunter's Company of one hundred wagons, Captain Horne's fifty, I being a captain of ten. Elder John Taylor, then a member of the Twelve, traveled in our company."

The Daily Journal of the Church contains a list of the persons who were organized into companies and who crossed the plains from the Missouri River to the Great Salt Lake Valley in the summer of 1847. June 21, the second hundred wagons was organized with Edward Hunter, Captain. This was in turn divided into two companies with the first fifty under Captain Joseph Horne. Archibald Gardner was captain of the "third" ten wagons under him.

Following is a list of those who were in Gardner's ten:

Name	Born at	Time
Archibald Gardner	Kilsythe, Scotland	Sept. 2, 1814
Margaret Gardner	Loch Gilphead, Argyll, Scot.	Oct. 12, 1820
Robert Gardner	Brooke, Kent Co., Can.	Feb. 1, 1840
Neil Gardner	Brooke, Kent Co., Can.	June 24, 1841
Robert Gardner	Houston, Renfrew, Scot.	March 12, 1871
Margaret Gardner	Falkirk, Stirling, Scot.	Dec. 23, 1780
William Gardner	Glasgow, Lanark, Scot.	Jan. 31, 1803
Janet Gardner	Quebec, Dominion of Can.	Jan. 20, 1822
John Gardner	Dailhain, Lanark, Up. Can.	Oct. 20, 1832
Janet Gardner	Dailhain, Lanark, Up. Can.	August 14, 1833
Margaret Gardner	Warwick, Kent, Up. Can.	March 27, 1842
Neil Gardner	Warwick, Kent, Up. Can.	Dec. 18, 1843
Robert Gardner	Kilsythe, Stirling, Scot.	Oct. 12, 1821
Jane Gardner	Beckwith, Lanark, Up. C.	July 24, 1823
Robert R. Gardner	Warwick, Kent Co., Up. C.	Dec. 31, 1841
Mary I. Gardner	Warwick, Kent Co., Up. C.	Feb. 13, 1843
Margaret Gardner	Warwick, Kent Co., Up. C.	Sept. 17, 1844
William Gardner	Plains of Iowa	May 22, 1846

Roger Luckham	Malbro, Devonshire, Eng.	March 31, 1804
Mary Luckham	Kilsyth, Stirling, Scot.	June 5, 1807
Margaret Sweeten	Brooke, Kent, W. Can.	Dec. 28, 1838
Robert Sweeten	Brooke, Kent, W. Can.	Dec. 3, 1841
Mary Luckham	Brooke, Kent, W. Can.	August 15, 1845
George Correy	London, Middlesex, Eng.	April, 1808
Margaret Correy	Rutherglen, Lanark, Scot.	Nov. 11, 1816
Janet Correy	Kent, Canada	Dec. 1, 1833
Andrew Correy	Illinois	April 26, 1846
Wm. Park, Sr.	Cumberland, Lanark, Scot.	Oct. 26, 1805
Jane Park	Dalserf, Lanark, Scot.	Feb. 19, 1808
Agnes Park	Dalhousie, Lanark, Scot.	Dec. 16, 1828
James Park, Jr.	Dalhousie, Lanark, Scot.	July 25, 1830
John Park	Dalhousie, Lanark, Scot.	June 18, 1833
Marion Park	Warwick, Kent, Canada	May 5, 1834
Jane Park	Warwick, Kent, Canada	Feb. 16, 1836
Wm. Park, Jr.	Warwick, Kent, Canada	Nov. 25, 1837
Hugh Park	Warwick, Kent, Canada	March 24, 1840
Mary Park	Warwick, Kent, Canada	March 30, 1843
Andrew Park	Warwick, Kent, Canada	March 30, 1845
Hezekiah Sprague	Buskland, Hampshire, Mass.	Nov. 10, 1774
Dolly Sprague	Farmington, Hartford, C.	June 30, 1784
Abigail Bradford	Cayuga, Cayuga, N. Y.	August 14, 1813
Mary A. Bradford	Cotton, Switzerland, Ind.	Nov. 7, 1831
Rawael Bradford	Cotton, Switzerland, Ind.	July 13, 1833
Sylvester Bradford	Cotton, Switzerland, Ind.	Nov. 17, 1839
Pleasant Bradford	Nauvoo, Hancock, Ill.	Feb. 2, 1843
Tryphena Bradford	Nauvoo, Hancock, Ill.	Sept. 30, 1845
Ishamer Sprague	Oxford, Chenango, N. Y.	Sept. 17, 1848

"On June 21, the second hundred, (Bishop Hunter, Captain) reported it was ready for traveling. Thursday, July 1, Captain Hunter's hundred, and the third and fourth companies crossed the Loup Fork in the lead.

"An accident that added to the sorrow and suffering of that group, happened during the first days of the pilgrimage. When about a hundred miles beyond the Horn (this was twenty miles west of Winter Quarters) at a place called Pawnee Village, a deserted Indian town, the wagon train halted to repair a bridge. Brother Robert was several teams in the rear and went forward to help with the work. He had gone but a few steps when his high wheel leader turned off the road to nip the grass. His oldest

son Robert, five and a half years of age, a thoughtful little chap, stepped down off the wagon tongue to stand at the oxen's head until his father returned. In so doing the high wheeler ox kicked, knocking him under the wheel then started on. Both high wheels ran over his bowels. His father was near enough to see it all happen, but not close enough to save him. The little fellow was laid in the wagon and the train started on. That afternoon he crawled out, ran beside the wagon, playing and chatting and in every way trying to allay our fears for his welfare. He soon had to return however and never got out again without help. He was injured internally and his sufferings increased with the days. For five hundred miles his father held him and drove the oxen onward, shaking with ague himself every other day. The parents did what they could to relieve his pain. His mother had three other very small children to care for and was sick part of the time herself. Relatives and friends helped when they could but every one had their hands full. For five hundred miles, thru dust and wind, over rough roads or smooth the little sufferer grew more thin and wan. He lived until he was nothing but skin and bones. Then death mercifully ended all. He was buried on the bank of the Platte River.

"The next year his uncle William and cousin John journeyed back to the Missouri River. When they came to the place on the Platte where little Robert had been buried, they found that the wolves had uncovered the grave and his bones were scattered about. The sight was too much for kind-hearted John. He wept and wailed and tore his hair. They tenderly gathered up the bones, reinterred them and sadly journeyed on.

"Tuesday, August 17, Captain Horne made an official return of the strength of his company, (of fifty) stating that the company at that time comprised 197 souls, 72 wagons, 19 horses, 240 oxen, 3 pigs and 70 chickens. The report was dated 'Black Hills, 17 August, 1847,' and signed by Joseph Horne, Captain.

"Tuesday, September 7, this company, (third) together with the fourth company, encamped on the Sweetwater. Here they remained awaiting the arrival of President Brigham Young and party of Pioneers who had sent word that they would stop with them to hold meeting on their way eastward to Winter Quarters. Elaborate preparations were made by the companies. A banquet was prepared consisting of roasted and broiled beef, pies, cakes, biscuits, etc. (Consider, ladies, the difficulties of preparing that

feast. I see them with joyful hearts baking pies, cakes and biscuits with their meager equipment.) Fully a hundred people partook of the repast, the remains being distributed among the pioneers and battalion boys to take with them. Bishop Hunter and Foutz acted as masters of ceremonies. The camps were addressed by the visitors. A dance in the evening completed the festivities. It was a joyful occasion. The Apostles held a special council meeting during the evening. The weather was cold and a little snow fell.

"Friday, October 1, a part of Captain Horn's fifty arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley.

"During our western trek, we had to stand guard, herd cattle and drive teams, yoking up cows and heifers. Another near-tragedy among our group happened as we were nearing the end of our long tiresome pilgrimage. At Fort Bridger, Wyoming, Robert's only remaining son, born that rainy night five months before, was jostled off the top of the load. He tumbled under the wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen while it was moving. The same two wheels that caused his brother's death now passed over baby William's two ankles. His father saw it, picked him up and administered to him. He was all right in a few days. Afterwards Robert threw some large buffalo bones under the same wheels and they were crushed to powder."

13

THE FIRST YEAR IN THE VALLEY

"We arrived in Salt Lake Valley on the first day of October. We paused at the mouth of Emigration Canyon and gazed at the prospect in view; a desolate valley—our future home.

"'Peg, my brave lass, how are you?' I asked Margaret. She looked at the panorama before her—the shimmering waters of the Great Salt Lake in the distance, the acres and acres of sagebrush, fringes of green to the south along the Big Cottonwood and Mill Creeks but not a human habitation to give us welcome.

"'Oh Archie, after all this wearisome journey, is this 'the place?'" and she sat down on the wagon tongue and cried.

"We drove down to the camping place, afterwards called the Old Fort.

"Reflect: We arrived on the first of October. Our daughter Margaret was born the morning of the 6th, in the Old Fort. And Margaret had driven the horse team all the way across the dreary plains, through rivers and deep canyons, even over the Big Mountain. You see what the Lord can do to strengthen the back for the burden.

"We had the hardest time on the way of any of the companies that year having weak teams and heavy loads. We brought with us fifteen-months provisions. My horses gave out before we got to Laramie, Wyoming. I concluded to feed them some corn and bring them through. It shortened our rations but I could not take my load farther without my animals. Sucedored by a few bushels of corn they were able to struggle through. Thus I had my team for work and the oxen for food.

"Notwithstanding all we passed through, the hand of the Lord was over us and we arrived safely at our destination.

"Twenty-four Gardners had left Canada in the spring of

1846. Three died and one was born during the journey to the West making twenty-two who arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley on October 1st, 1847.

"We camped in our wagons the first winter at the Warm Springs. The weather was mild with hardly any snow in the valley and not much more in the mountains. There was no rain either. The sun shone all winter. I had only two wagons crossing the plains and broke one of them up to make the crank and other irons for a saw mill which we set up at the Warm Springs that fall. The flume for it was a log hollowed out. I brought two saws for an up-and-down-saw mill with me across the plains. Due to the water being warm there was not sufficient power to turn the wheel. The men helped it around and three boards were turned out. We set the mill up at the grove on Mill Creek, seven miles south next spring. It was what was termed a "muley" mill (the-up-and-down saw type) and was operated by an overshot wheel. The mill was built without nails. Wooden pins and mortices were used instead. All shafts, bearings, cog wheels, etc., were of wood, our mountain maple. Here we turned out the first lumber sawed in Utah. We used Mill Creek Canyon water for our purposes. The monument on Highland Drive, 39th So., marks the site of the first manufacturing concern in the Territory. Later this mill was moved up into Mill Creek Canyon to a place called the Elbow and was known as the Elbow Mill. It was operated for many years."

"February 1, 1848, the Great Salt Lake City Municipal High Council granted to Archibald and Robert Gardner the right to erect a saw mill on Mill Creek with the provision that water for irrigating purposes should not be interfered with. Said council also decided that no person should build with logs without permission, and other stringent regulations for the preservation of timber." (Documentary History, 1847:7)

"These regulations greatly hampered the work of the mills. They could not be kept running half the time. When President Young returned from the East in the spring, he had the restrictions removed and from then on the mills were kept busy. We next erected the second flour mill in Utah, 1849, Brother John Neff's being the first. The machinery for Neff's mill had been brought with the first company of Pioneers.

"For this mill located on Mill Creek about two miles below

Neff's, we had burr stones cut out of our mountain rock. We built a wooden water wheel three feet in diameter, and secured it to the lower end of a wooden shaft with a spindle in the upper end of which we placed our four-foot mill stones so that with every turn of the water wheel, the mill stones made a turn. We had a lever under the wheel that the step rested on, and with it we could control the texture of the flour. We ground coarse or fine flour and did good work."

"March 6, 1848, (in Daily Journal of Church) Brother Chase has a saw mill in operation on the spring a short distance from the Pioneer Garden. Archibald and Robert Gardner have a saw mill already sawing on Mill Creek. Brother Amasa Russel has leave to put up a frame for the carding machine near Gardner's saw mill."

From the Daily Journal of the Church, June 2, (Saturday) 1849: "President Young met with the council. A petition of Archibald and Robert Gardner for the privilege of building a saw mill near the forks of Mill Creek was granted, reserving the right-of-way for all persons and teams into and out of the canyon."

"We built a saw mill in Mill Creek Canyon in the summer of 1850. As I was the first to get timber out of Mill Creek and ours the first mill in it, we built the roads through it from the mouth to the head, a distance of probably fifteen miles, and all necessary bridges over the streams. This mill had not been in operation long when it burned down. Two other saw mills and two shingle mills my family and I built in Mill Creek and operated from 1848 to 1875. The lower saw mill was about five miles up from the mouth of the canyon and the upper mill, which was built later, was about six miles above that. This was a circular saw mill, the first in Utah."

At General Conference, 1848, Archibald Gardner, Brigham Young and Amasa M. Lyman were appointed a committee to supervise the getting out of timber from Big Cottonwood, a canyon south of Mill Creek.

"With the saw and grist mills in operation and good land to be had, we were joined in '48 and '49 by a number of our old Canadian friends. Among our neighbors who settled at various points on Mill and Big Cottonwood Creeks were the families of father Robert Gardner, brother Robert, Roger Luckham, John

Borrowman, Reuben Miller, Alexander Hill, William Casper, Joseph Fielding, Mary Smith, (whose family included Patriarch John Smith and Apostle Joseph F. Smith) Joseph Scott, Stephen Chipman and others."

December 22, 1843: "President Young met in council in Heber C. Kimball's school room at 1 p. m. A petition of Archibald Gardner for the privilege of building a flouring mill on Big Cottonwood Creek was read and granted."

Cost of construction in those early days: "I put up a blacksmith shop and collected iron axles from old wagons and paid a blacksmith at the rate of a dollar a pound to make an anvil. It weighed two hundred and fifty-six pounds. Hence it cost two hundred fifty-six dollars to construct. I paid at the same rate for a rod of iron for my first smutter shaft.

"For the Miller Mill, built in the spring of 1866, I bought two run of French Burr mill stones in Chicago. They were the first imported ones in Utah, were four feet in diameter and weighed thirty hundred (3000) pounds each run. I paid the freight from Chicago to Omaha and sent an outfit consisting of a wagon, a teamster and a four mule team for them. Just before leaving Salt Lake City one of the mules foundered and my freighter was obliged to leave the team. In crossing Green River one mule of the remaining team drowned and he was compelled to send back for money to buy a double team at Omaha. I paid eight hundred dollars for this double span and with other extra expense there was an output of a thousand dollars more than I had estimated the mill stones would cost. The stones weighed sixty hundred, and from Omaha to Salt Lake Valley the freight alone cost fifteen hundred dollars. I paid the freight on mill irons in like proportion."

Now, to give you an idea of how he fared the first year in the valley: "In March I weighed out our bread stuff, mostly corn, and found that we had just one and one-half pounds for each day for the next five months. So every Monday morning we set apart ten and a half pounds for the week, this for my wife, myself, two boys aged seven and eight and a nursing baby. But we were as well off as the rest of the people and better off than many. We planted our corn when the ground was wet and it did not come up so we had to take again from our poor rations. This made less to eat but we were a healthy people.

"The darkest of those days came in the summer of '48 when the black crickets swarmed down from the mountains and began to devour our crops. Myriads of them completely covered the ground and fields. Their bodies were about as large as a woman's thimble with large jumping legs.

"The people working with fire and water could do nothing to stop their onslaught. As fast as their front ranks were killed millions took their places. They devoured the beautiful fields of grain leaving the ground dry and dusty and we were a thousand miles from succor. President Young called upon the people to fast and pray. I went to Salt Lake City and returned on horse back. I heard the sound of flying fowl behind me and looking up saw seagulls in such a cloud as to darken the sky. What new calamity was upon us? I put my horse through after them. I was only four miles behind but when I got to our patch in the Big Field, the ground was covered with birds. In two days the black plague was destroyed. But all over the earth near streams where the gulls had drunk after glutting themselves, were little piles of dead crickets about the size of a goose egg that had been swallowed, then disgorged." (Surely our white-winged deliverers were deserving of the monument erected them on the Temple Block.)

"About half the crop was gone which made food scarce for the coming year. A large company of Saints came in '48 and had to be shared with. Ensuing years saw pests of locusts and grasshoppers that made times close, but never was there a season so serious as the summer of '48 when the crickets came."

In her diary Jane Gardner Bradford gives a few sidelights on those difficult times:

"In February, 1848, my father, William Gardner, and brother John started for California by the southern route with a team of horses and a mule. When they reached the Sevier River they met a mountaineer named Baker who told them the Indians would surely kill them if they went on. They turned back to Provo River, went up the canyon to Fort Bridger and remained until spring. There they had the team stolen and so with one mule they started for the Missouri River, walking the entire distance. They had a terrible time, had to swim the Platte with the ice floating thick in the water. Some streams they waded through up to their necks. For several days at a time berries off rose

bushes were their only food. Then one day father killed a wolf, then more wolves and after that they got along pretty well. Although hardships and difficulties beset their way, they reached their destination at last and obtained employment in a packing plant, boarding the while with Mr. Parks, Aunt Jane's father. They bought horses and wagons, and laden with provisions, returned home after an absence of two years. While they were away we got along somehow. Uncle Robert took charge of things for us. We had one cow, a wagon, and a yoke of steers, and I could drive them. When we arrived at Mill Creek in February, 1848, we had our wagon box lifted onto some posts. Then mother and I converted an old wagon cover into a kind of wickiup with sticks and brush for the sides. I carried rocks and we built a kind of chimney with a fireplace. Sometimes at first it was pretty cold but when warm weather came we were all right as our domicile was in the shade of some huge cottonwood trees. Where we children herded, there was nothing to see but sagebrush, sunflowers, rabbit brush, and prickly pears with plenty of snakes, horned toads, lizards, tarantulas and other poisonous reptiles thrown in, not a very pleasant occupation for barefoot youngsters. When it rained and was cold (we had to commence herding early that spring) we crouched down under sagebrush. When the heat of summer came, not a tree was there to shelter us from the burning sun. Those were hard times in '48. For breakfast we had a little thin mush or perhaps some curd and whey; for dinner, a half pint of greens with a small piece of meat. I wore an old denim dress, the best I had, and went bare footed of course. My Sunday outfit was made from a piece of an old tent, colored. I did not herd everyday for I had to help plant the fields. We did grow some corn."

What with scarcity of food, clothing, shelter and paying employment, the problem of caring for the widows and children that came in those early pilgrimages was a serious one. Many had passed through the seathing persecution of Missouri which deprived them of nearly all their earthly goods. They had braved the desert with its dangers and privations for sake of the Gospel and to be with the body of the Saints. Now to give them a chance for life and its necessities in this bleak desert was a responsibility that the great leader, President Young, felt keenly.

The doctrine of plural marriage was being taught as from God. Mary Ann was a young daughter of Widow Bradford and

a passionate admirer of Archibald. When he asked her to become his plural wife she gladly accepted. They went to President Young to have him perform the ceremony. He said, "Where is the mother. I want you to marry her and be a father to her family. Archibald, your shoulders are broad and you must help carry the burden."

April 26, 1849, Archibald Gardner married Abigail Sprague Bradford and Mary Ann, her daughter, thus obeying the celestial order of marriage. The Bradfords came to Utah in the same company as the Gardners, Edward Hunter's. They became members in the early days of the Church, suffered persecutions, and great property losses in Illinois. Abigail was the widow of Hial Bradford. She had five children; namely, Mary Ann, Rawsel, Sylvester, Pleasant, and Tryphena. The children were taken into the family and became a part of the Gardner household.

A LETTER FROM CANADA

A letter from Duncan! How it warmed the hearts and brought joy and gladness to those earnest toilers in a desert land so widely separated from their loved ones around the old family hearthstone. How many times it was read and re-read! The family ties were very strong in the Livingston household. Valiantly the sisters, Sarah, Mary, Margaret, and Janet, the older members of the group, had toiled and saved to help their widowed mother provide for and educate the younger brothers, Neil, John, Duncan, and Dougal.

And now here was a letter from dear Duncan with all the news from home. Written before the days of envelopes it was folded in such a manner that the letter itself served for one and was sealed with wax. It was addressed thus:

"Ford 10
Paid 10

Detroit Aug. 10 Mich.

Archibald Gardner
Great Basin
of the Salt Lake
Cainsville Dist Office
State of Iowa."

Mosa 9th Sept. 1849 U. C.

Postage stamps were issued for the first time in 1847. The amount necessary to send a letter was paid by sender, and amount with word "Paid" stamped in upper right hand corner.

"Mosa, 6th of August, 1849.

"Dear Brother,

"I take the long wished for pleasure of writing to you to inform you that we are all in good health at present, thank God. Hope this will find you enjoying the same blessing. We received your long looked for letter of the 9th of April on the 29th of

July. It gave us great consolation and pleasure to think that you, your brothers and families, are in a state of health, well situated and contented with your station in life.

"Dougal has been unwell for two years but is now on the road to recovery. Your mother-in-law enjoys very good health. So do the rest of us. John McKellar (Sarah's husband) started off from home about the first of May. We got a letter from him. He is well and working on a canal in Indiana. He always talks of taking a trip to the Pacific. His wife and family are well. They have had a son and daughter since you left these parts. John, my brother, has taken McKellar's place on shares for three years. John McFarlane (married Mary Livingston) and family are well. They have two daughters.

"I was married in April after you left here to Mary McFarlane of Ekfred—daughter of D. McFarlane. We have two boys: Neil, the oldest (two years last March) and Donald nine months old.

"Bear Creek has flourished greatly since you left it, but all the people of that place would be glad to see you back in your old mill again. Branan has done no good whatever with it. Hardly any one goes there now. He speaks of getting a run of burr stones in this fall but it is a great chance if he does. It has, may I say, gone to rack entirely.

"There have been a good many of your old customers gone to their long resting places since you left here; namely, John McTavish Sr., Donald Ferguson, Archibald McKellar of Ardare, Nancy McKellar of Gore and some others.

"There is a minister stationed here these two years back of the Free Church by the name of Sutherland who has effected quite a change in this place since he came with regard to drink and etc." (In this neighborhood whiskey was nearly as common as water at all public places when the Gardners were there.)

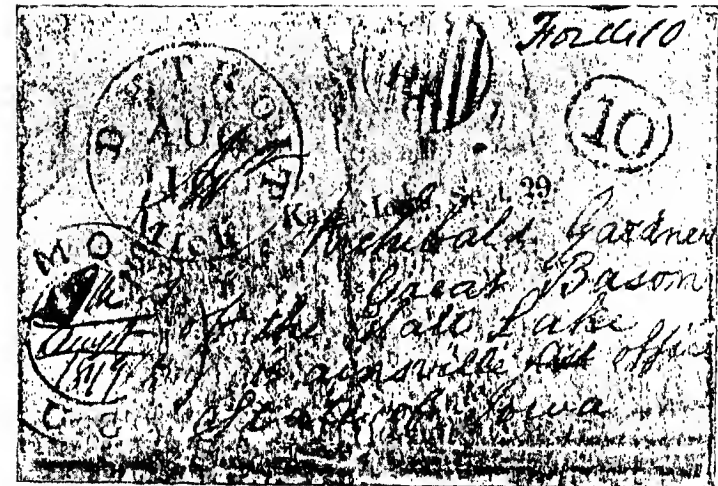
"Mr. Davenport of Port Sarnia, the man whom you empowered to collect the notes off McPherson, buyer of your mill in Enniskillen, went to law with McPherson the fall you left. Davenport gained the suit so McPherson cashed the money right down \$1050.00. There are several claims charged against you but Davenport will not pay a cent without your order. So the money lays there waiting your call, so I understand.

"Duncan McKellar intends writing to you I suppose to see if he gets an order to raise some of the money for charges he says he has against you in the slave business. They tried to raise it before but Davenport would not pay them anything without your consent. Duncan and company or the Great West Company as they were termed, went all to rack. Their store was taken from them, their securities lost, most of their farms and stock gone. Duncan and Sam Cirk were nearly a year in jail. Duncan McKellar made out to keep his farm some way or other. But he was obliged to take the plow in hand and work it for a living. Anderson in Wardsville failed likewise. He ran away to the states, his securities lost. He came back later to Wardsville and is there now keeping a grocery store.

"I hope you will receipt this letter as soon as you get it. You have been very negligent in writing to us. Although you are far from us we think of you daily. I think it is a great chance if you ever see any of us in your great valley. We hope in the day of judgment which none can escape, Mormon, Presbyterian or any other denomination, we will receive our reward.

"You will please state the distance you are from us, what sort of a road there is and which way to go. Gold is not so plentiful here as it is there but we make out. If 'money is the root of all evil' we should not wish so much for it. I will add no more for the present but my wife's mother, her brother and sisters join me in sending our compliments to you, your wife and family, to William's wife and family and to your father and mother if they are still living.

Duncan Livingston."



Photostat of letter received in 1849 from Duncan Livingston, addressed to Archibald Gardner, Great Basin of the Salt Lake, Salt Lake Office, State of Iowa. No envelope was used. Postage was paid at Mosa, Canada. It was stamped there and again at Windsor, Detroit, and Kane, Iowa.

ARCHIBALD GARDNER GOES TO JORDAN

"In 1850 the country along the Jordan was very sparsely settled. Early in October, 1849, Marius Ensign with his family located about a mile south of the present West Jordan Ward House and a few days later Thomas Butterfield and Sam Egbert with their families joined him. They built log cabins and spent the winter getting out fencing material from Bingham Canyon.

"A group of people including Joseph Harker, John Robinson and a number of others with their families had located north of the mill site near a bend in the river opposite the point where the Big Cottonwood Creek empties into it. They had attempted to bring water onto their farm lands from the Jordan, but found the task too laborious and had given it up.

"Now, in 1850 Robert and I, with a force of men, dug a race two and a half miles long, took the water out at the old Hunsaker place and built a saw mill. This was the first canal dug in Utah and cost \$5,000. It was later enlarged to its present capacity by the North Jordan Canal Company and extended into what is now Taylorsville and Granger.

"In 1853 I commenced to build a good-sized grist mill at West Jordan, adjacent to the saw mill and finished it that year. A big housewarming dance was held in it on December 21, 1853. Machinery was installed and in operation early in 1854. The site was on the race near where the county road from Midvale intersects it. In this vicinity a few years later I spent a good deal of money in a woolen mill that burned down."

George A. Smith in the following letter gives additional information.

"The Deseret News, Home Correspondence
Historian's Office, G. S. L. City, April 2, 1855.

"To the Editor of the News:

"Sir: I left this office on Saturday last at 10 a. m., in company with Elder John L. Smith, crossed the Jordan, and visited

the Jordan Mills, also Mr. Gaunt's Woolen Factory, which is situated about a quarter of a mile below the grist and saw mills, all being propelled by the waters of the Jordan and conducted through a race two and a half miles long, ten feet wide, and varying from three to five feet deep. A dam in the river turns the water into the race making the Jordan Mill site cost upwards of five thousand dollars. The mill was constructed by A. Gardner and Co. in 1850. He also erected a saw mill, the timber for same being hauled about fourteen miles from the west mountains. The grist mill was built last year. In it is excellent machinery and it is turning out a very good grade of flour. Gaunt's factory was commenced in 1851 and is a striking illustration of the fact that labor, industry and perseverance can achieve without much money. Mr. Gaunt commenced with empty pockets, and applied his labor in the right way. The result is he is now producing five hundred dollars worth of good cloth per week, and that with machinery constructed in the valley.

Signed,
George A. Smith."

The following news item tells its own story:

"The Deseret News July 26, 1851.
Wool Carding ! !

"The subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of Great Salt Lake City and vicinity, that they are prepared to do business in the Wool Carding Line on the shortest notice, having a double machine and Picker propelled by water power and attached to their mill on Mill Creek. We recommend to those who wish to have wool carded, that they furnish the necessary grease which is about one pound to eight of wool: said grease to be perfectly free from salt. Money or wool will be taken in exchange for carding.

"N. B. Having engaged an experienced carder we hope to merit a share of public patronage. Rolls of batting for sale.

Archibald and Robert Gardner".

The grease was used on the bearings.

"In 1851 Robert moved to Jordan and ran the mill till 1853. He also built a small grist mill in connection with the saw mill. In '53 he moved back to Mill Creek and we dissolved our partnership."



PICTURE OF GARDNER MILL

A picture of Gardner's mill, built in 1850 on foundation of first West Jordan mill, built in 1850, showing mill to the left of the race. Adjoining on the left of the mill is the old woolen (later mattress factory) building. North of the mill (hidden by the woolen and mattress factory) is the old tannery (the first one built West of the Mississippi river). North of the woolen and mattress factory is the old factory house, living quarters in early days.

EXPLORING

"About 1850 Thomas Broderic, Robert and I scaled the Twin Peaks; the highest mountains in Salt Lake County, height 11,000 feet. They are between Mill Creek and Big Cottonwood Canyons. We were the first white men to perform this feat. Thomas Broderic succeeded in reaching the top. I got within a rod or so and Robert within two hundred yards of it. We started in the morning, expecting to make the trip in a few hours. Had we taken it slower we could have adapted ourselves to the altitude and all reached the summit. The ascent was made on the Big Cottonwood side and was found to be extremely difficult; so we decided to come down by way of Mill Creek Canyon. This proved to be more precipitous than the other. It was with the greatest difficulty that we made our descent. We had only taken a light lunch with us in the morning and were now about exhausted with fatigue and hunger. When at last we reached the bottom, our clothes in tatters, we thought it best to keep to the shadows. But our stomachs tormented us. So we selected the best of the clothing from the three of us, put it on one of our number and pinned the tares together with hawthorns. The one thus attired went to the first house that we came to and obtained something to eat. With a little refreshment we made our way home avoiding the few houses on the way."

About the year 1851 or 1852, being called by President Young, a small company of men, composed of the three Gardner brothers, James Mangum, Joseph Adair, and James Craig took a trip up the Weber River to its source, thence over to the head of Provo River. They followed it down to Utah Valley and then returned home. The object of the trip was to explore the country, ascertain its resources in timber and grazing lands and take note of anything that would prove serviceable to incoming pioneers.

Wide-eyed children listened to their accounts of that jaunt. Dens of rattlesnakes and other reptiles had been encountered. The beaver at work was described. They had noted evidence of his skill all along the river course. And old Bruin, the brown bear, had peered through the pines at them.

ANOTHER LETTER

In a letter from Mosa, dated April 16, 1851, Duncan Livingston gives news of the family in Canada and voices his interest in the West.

"Mother enjoys very good health. John and Neil are well. Dougal is a great deal better. He is at work pretty much every day. John McKellar's family is now enjoying good health. His wife was very ill but has recovered.

"You wanted us to sell out here and join you. We have a good place and no chance of disposing of our property to advantage. By the way, there is a railroad to pass within three miles of us which will increase the value of our holdings. It is called the Great Western and will run from Hamilton to Windsor and is supposed to be completed in two years. It was commenced last December.

"I should like you to let me know who it is that sells the land there, the cost per acre, and what chance to pay, or if the land is a free grant to settlers. Tell us more particularly about the country. Then if we are satisfied we will expect to pay you a visit, one and all of us.

"Tell us how you take care of your milk. What crops did you raise last summer, wheat, corn, rye, peas, buckwheat, oats, potatoes? And what was your average yield per acre? Was the season as dry as usual? How long will it take to water an acre of land? How do you do it? What sort of machine have you for the purpose? How often do you have to irrigate during the season? I suppose you have to leave vacant strips in time of sowing, to give the water a chance to reach the grain." (He hadn't any idea of how irrigating was done.)

"You will please write per receipt of this letter and let me know how long it takes to get to Utah, the best road to come on and the distance and difficulties to be encountered. How

much do you think it would cost a family of eight or nine to make the trip? We have heard great talk of people dying for want of water, etc., crossing the sandy plains. Let us know if that be true.

"I have always heard it said that the handsomest feathers were on birds that were far away. Fact is, I believe you make the feathers rather too handsome but I expect you will be coming after your money which I believe is still laying in Port Sarnia for you. If you do, you will certainly pay us a visit and we can discuss matters then more definitely.

"John McKellar started for California in November, 1849. We have heard nothing from him as yet. We did hear that he was at your place. So if you saw him or know anything about him you will let us know in your first letter.

"Mr. Branen has spent double the cost of your old grist mill in repairing it and the dam. Recently he put the mill in first class order, two run of stones. He can grind from fifteen to twenty bushel per hour. The dam he filled up with clay out of the bank opposite the mill. He has done nothing with the saw mill since you left. He is going to get it in shipshape this coming summer.

"All of your friends join me with kind compliments to one and all of you.

Your affectionate Brother,

Duncan Livingston."

John McKellar visited with the Gardners, was heartily welcomed, and shown every courtesy possible in those pioneer times. When he resumed his journey, Archibald, with others, accompanied him for several miles to wish him God's speed on his perilous journey to the coast. Whether he ever reached California, or met an untimely end on the way will never be known. The last that was seen or heard of him was by his Utah relatives.

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FAMILY AFFAIRS

In 1851, Archie married Elizabeth Elinor Lewis Raglin. She and her previous husband came from Missouri on their way to the California gold fields. They separated while in Salt Lake City. He went on to California; she remained in the city and married Archie. She was beautiful, a good singer, and a clever entertainer, but she lacked the sterling qualities of womanhood possessed by his other wives. He tried to save her soul as President Young told him to do, but she stirred up strife and contention in his family. It was always a source of grief to her that she had no children. Her husband endeavoured to comfort her by being extra attentive. He bought her pretty clothes, built her a brick house, and covered her parlor floor with the first "store" carpet his children had ever seen.

When Mary Ann died in 1864, following child-birth, Lizzie, her eldest girl, aged fourteen, undertook to manage the household. With the help of others of the family, she did so until her marriage with William Turner, November 25, 1865. The young couple went to make a home of their own, and Elizabeth Raglin Gardner (Big Liz) cared for the five other motherless children. She looked after them until '73 or '74; then she left Archibald. He gave her a "bill" (divorce). She stayed around Salt Lake City for some time. Various unsavory rumors reached the family of the life she was living. Finally she went south with a strange man and was never heard of again.

In a lengthy letter from Mosa, begun August 4, 1854, and completed August 31, same year, Duncan Livingston touches on various subjects, among them the death of Robert, Dougal, and Margaret's mother. It begins thus:

"Mr. Gardner

"Dear Sir:

"Your letter dated March the 27th came duly to hand with

the melancholy news of your beloved son Robert's death. We all sympathize with you and his bereaved mother. But it was the Lord's will to take His own and it is hoped that you and his mother will say as Job did, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"We have bereavements here as well as you have there.

"Our much respected and beloved brother Dougal went to the lake in hopes of improving his health. At Chicago, May 16th, A. D. 1854, he ate his supper. About ten o'clock he took with severe cramps and at one o'clock the next morning, gave up his spirit to Him who gave it. Alexander McColl from Mosa along with other friends conveyed his corpse in a hearse to his grave and interred the remains with all decency.

"On Friday, June 30th, our dearly beloved mother arose at daybreak, walked out of the door, came in, sat on a chair, called twice to Neil, fainted and fell to the floor. Immediately he came to her assistance and lifted her into bed. She complained of her head and asked for a drink of water. Neil got it and sent immediately for us and sister Sarah and the nearby neighbors. A doctor was summoned who arrived without delay. He bled her. The blood ran freely but he gave very little hopes of her recovery. About 6 o'clock Saturday morning, July 1, A. D. 1854, be it forever recorded in our memories, our dearly beloved mother breathed her last. The next day, the Sabbath, with sobriety and heart break her remains were buried in the cemetery opposite the Scotch Free Church, Mosa Townline, in the presence of a great concourse of respectable relatives, friends and neighbors.

"We now have the Great Western Railway from the Falls of Niagara with single track to Windsor, a distance of two hundred twenty-nine miles. It steams past Hamilton, through London, Sobo, Carrador, Ekfrid, Mosa, etc. The cars commenced running last January. The average number of passengers since that time—nearly one thousand per day. How hard it was to believe when you left here that such concourses of people would be popping through the woods of Ekfrid and Mosa at the rapid rate of forty to fifty miles per hour.

"How grand it will be and what pleasure we will have flying about in our wagons and buggies. What a contrast to when you were here dragged through the mud with oxen and muddy sleighs.

"Farewell to muddy roads,
Farewell to stages,
Farewell to saucy drivers,
Of the past ages."

"As for John McKellar we have received no word of, or about him since he left. But his wife and family are well and doing well.

"The Lord be forever praised. We are blessed with three sons—Neil, Donald and Duncan and one daughter Flora. Our beloved brothers here are still single. Neil has a good house on his place. Both he and John board with us since mother's death. Both of them together with sister Sarah (Mrs. McKellar) send their kind compliments to you and sister Margaret and family, and to William and sister Janet and her family.

"Loving sisters, we are sorry
That you are far away from Mosa,
But this world will soon be over;
Have your treasures in Jehovah.

"We would be sorry, very sorry indeed to hurt your feelings or those of any other near and dear relative who believes he is a true follower of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, even though the foolish men of this wicked world blame him for being under delusion. But you have made bold to say, or did you say that Mormonism is truth from God and will prevail although all earth and hell should oppose it? You say, 'He has declared it and is able to do what He undertakes.' All Christians agree that God is able to do what He undertakes. But to say that Mormonism is truth from God is absurd to all that hold to the sacred writings that Christ and his Apostles left to the world. Because the word Mormon or Mormonism is not to be found in the Old or New Testament, etc., etc. Oh, what delusion is on earth! So let us pray that if we are right the Lord may keep us right and if we are not right—the Lord will make us right and keep us right.

"As we have come to a conclusion, please accept our respects as follows:

"Love from our hearts to Baldy Mor
And to his household top and toe.
O Lord of Lords in love look down
And do not on the Mormons frown.

Convert them to your holy ways
And may the Lord have all the praise.

By Duncan and Mary Livingston.

P. S. If you do respect this letter or rather them that have sent it, we hope you will be so kind as to receipt it at your earliest convenience and by so doing you will confer a great favor.

D. and M. L.

Mosa, the 31st of August, 1845."

CIVIC AFFAIRS

The problem of a fair adjustment of wages, prices of bread-stuffs, wearing apparel, etc., in the early days of Utah was a knotty one. The blacksmith who demanded two hundred and fifty dollars of Archibald's money for making an anvil when the iron was furnished him, asked an exorbitant sum when day laborers were being paid only a dollar, or a dollar and a half a day.

From A. Gardner's day book of '58 and '59 we cull a few items:

"Paid for digging foundation of mill at the rate of \$1.50 per day.

"\$1.00 per day for men for hawling, making roads, etc.

"A man and yoke of oxen received \$3.00 per day. December 6, 1858, Fred commenced to work this morning at \$15.00 per month to be paid in flour at \$6.00 per 100 lbs."

Another man agreed to herd cattle fourteen days for a pair of pants. He received the pants, valued at \$7.00.

A pair boots	\$3.00	Double width homemade	
A flannel shirt	\$3.50	cloth	\$3.50
A hat	\$5.00	Sugar	65c pound
A pair of blankets	\$18.00	Molasses	\$3.00 gallon
Home-made cloth, per		Plug of tobacco	50c
yard	\$1.75 and \$2.00	Pencil	50c

He paid \$290.00 for a span of mules, \$90.00 for a yoke of oxen, and \$2.00 for a bushel of grain.

Archibald Gardner thought that a representative group of all the people might get together and do something about the problem. His sympathies were with the farmer. So the call was issued and a meeting held in Mill Creek. The Deseret News gives the full account: "The brethren of Mill Creek Ward congregated in the school house in district No. 31 on Saturday evening the

29th of January, 1853. The house was called to order, and on motion, A. Gardner was unanimously chosen President of said assembly and Reuben Miller, Secretary.

"The object of the gathering was then stated by the President which was the formation of a general convention from all parts of the territory at which prices of agricultural products would be fixed or made proportionate to the cost of labor. The following resolutions were adopted.

"Whereas, wheat is the staple product of these valleys, and upon it depends the happiness and welfare of this community to a considerable degree: therefore, it, together with other products of the earth, should compete in value with home manufacture of every sort, all kinds of mechanical labor, and thereby remedy present existing evils, and put the agriculturist on an equal footing with his brethren, the mechanic and the operator. This would obviate the necessity of his paying one-half of his crop (which took him a summer's work to bring to maturity) for a plow, or to get a span of horses shod, or a pork barrel, or a pair of boots to keep his feet from the mud and ice.

"And whereas, uniformity of action should accomplish so desirable an object: therefore, we as a community, propose that a convention be held in Salt Lake City, on the third Monday in February next, at 10 A. M., in the Council House. Said convention to consist of two delegates from each ward in Great Salt Lake Valley, or county, and from each ward in all the adjoining counties and from as many wards as consistently can, and who feel disposed to unite in this laudable enterprise. Their duty shall be to take into consideration the present existing evils, form and enact such rules and regulations as shall best subserve the public good in establishing, if possible, Council House prices on domestic manufacture of every kind, and so give the agriculturist a fair deal.

"Therefore, be is resolved here and now, that two delegates be appointed to lay the foregoing before President Young, to solicit his sanction and aid. Be it further resolved that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the president and secretary, and should it receive the approbation of President Young, be published in the next number of the Deseret News.

Archibald Gardner, President.

Reuben Miller, Secretary."

After obtaining the good word from President Young, the call was published in the Deseret News, February 5, for delegates to a general convention from all parts of the territory to meet at the time designated.

They assembled at the appointed time at the State House, from the counties of Great Salt Lake, Utah, Davis, Weber, and Tooele, and proceeded to organize by electing Phinehas Richards, chairman and Walter Thompson, secretary. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, having assembled in convention to take into consideration the propriety of fixing more uniform prices throughout the Territory, than at present exist, on produce and mechanical labor, we recommend that the finding of this conclave be adopted by the people, which we believe will better protect the interests of the farmer, and be a future guarantee of the mechanic and laborer. This plan should stimulate the general prosperity of the citizens and aid the growth and development of the resources of this Territory. Furthermore by so doing we will uphold and sustain the prices that have been established by those whose right, we acknowledge, it is to dictate for the good of this people.

"Therefore, be it resolved, that we, the delegates of this convention, will use our influence in our Wards, and throughout the Territory, to establish and sustain the prices that we have adopted here and would most respectfully recommend to the citizens of these valleys that this price list govern them in all of their dealings and exchanges one with another.

"Be it further resolved, that the proceedings of this convention in forming an organization called the Deseret Agricultural Society be furnished the Editor of the News with a request in behalf of the society that he publish the same.

"Be it further resolved, that this convention do now adjourn sine die.

Phinehas Richards, Chairman.

Walter Thompson, Secretary."

But it was August, 1863, before a tentative list was worked out and such recommendations in regard to prices of grain, flour, etc., as they deemed just and proper to all concerned, were finally agreed upon. A. Gardner was one of the delegates to the con-

vention when the list was adopted.

August 10, 1864, minutes of the second day of Convention:

"On Wednesday the delegates convened in the Bowery. President Hunter made a few remarks on the probability of a great demand for flour next winter, and hence the necessity of protecting ourselves. In the afternoon the convention proceeded to a consideration of the list of prices recommended by the committee. A good deal of discussion was indulged in and, as will be seen by the prices finally agreed upon, several articles were stricken from the original list. The reason for this was that it was considered impractical to affix any price that would be applicable in every part of the Territory. A few of the delegates were in favor of striking hay from the list, but the majority voted that it should be retained. Freight and dried fruit were added on motions of city delegates.

"It was moved that the minutes of the convention be published in the Deseret News, etc.

"The following is a list of the articles and prices, in gold, at which they are to be held in our market:

Flour.....	\$12.00 per 100 lbs.
Wheat.....	\$5.00 per bushel
Corn.....	\$4.00 per bushel
Barley.....	\$4.00 per bushel
Oats.....	\$3.00 per bushel
Potatoes.....	\$2.00 per bushel
Beets and Carrots.....	\$1.00 per bushel
Onions.....	\$4.00 per bushel
Beans.....	\$10.00 per bushel
Peas.....	\$6.00 per bushel
Butter.....	60c per lb.
Cheese.....	10c per lb.
Eggs.....	40c per doz.
Beef on foot.....	10c per lb.
Mutton.....	12½c per lb.
Pork.....	30c per lb.
Hay.....	\$20.00 per ton

"Freighting 100 miles \$2.00 for 100 pounds. The price on dried apples and peaches—75c per pound."

"November 21, 1855, father (Robert Gardner, Sr.) died at Mill Creek, leaving mother alone in her little log house on the hill. He had been a strong believer ever since he first heard the Gospel preached and had paid his tithes and offerings for many years but had never joined the Church. In 1851 he was taken very ill and thinking he was going to die, had his folks place him on a stretcher, carry him to a stream. There John Borrowman baptized him. He recovered from his sickness, was ordained a High Priest, and received his endowments. He was a good scholar and kept Robert's business accounts until his death."

The following little incident portrays the fearless and exacting nature of Robert, Sr. His garden on Mill Creek was a source of pride to him. One day a high Church official came striding through it.

"Get out of my garden," he commanded.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" inquired the trespasser.

"I do. And law-makers should not be law-breakers."

"Brother William married Mary Smith in 1851 or '52 and in the fall moved his family to Cache Valley. His son John had married Elizabeth Hill of Mill Creek and remained on his father's Cottonwood farm. John decided to make his folks a visit. He left his wife and baby, Emmerine, with his sister Jane and her husband, Rawsel Bradford, and went in the dead of winter to Cache Valley. On the way he was frozen to death in a snow storm not far from his destination. His wife afterward married Bishop Maughan of Wellsville, and raised a large and respectable family." There she died in 1908. The daughter, Emmerine, married Mormon Bird of Mendon, Cache Co., where she now lives.

"At the October Conference, 1856, when President Young received word that a handcart company had been caught in a snow storm in the mountains, I, with many others responded to the call for aid. I sent an ox team and teamster, Fred Hansen, and provisions to help that unfortunate band to their destination in the valleys."

June 17, 1857, Archibald married Harriet Armitage Larter, divorced wife of Henry Larter. She had one daughter, Descart, who took her place as one of his own children.

Life was not easy in those early days in Utah. With many mouths to feed and much work to be done it was necessary that every one "put his shoulder to the wheel" and push to keep the Gardner equipage moving. The family was co-operative. Laborers were scarce during Mill Creek days, and money with which to pay the toilers scarcer. When help was needed, the wives of Archibald volunteered to do men's work. "Aunt" Althea and "Aunt" Mary Ann hauled logs from up near the head of Mill Creek Canyon down to the upper mill. They each drove two yoke of oxen, attached to carts heaped with logs, for about six miles. Men loaded and unloaded them. "Aunt Jane" and "Aunt Serena" cooked over open fires and in bake skillets for mill hands in Mill Creek. One day Serena went on an errand, and during her absence a bear entered her tent, tore open her much prized feather bed and scattered the feathers around.

Ah, pioneer women—yours was not a smooth path, but how bravely you pursued it.

Robert's house on Mill Creek is still standing. (1938) It is located below the Gardner monument on Highland Drive in a grove of trees. It faces the south, was a two story adobe structure, but has lately been modernized and the building lowered. Archie's home was across the street south where a roadhouse now stands. A two-story adobe house, it faced north, and had a stairway on the east end which led to a porch above. This ran across the front of the house and was edged with a three-foot railing. Access to the upstairs rooms was from this porch. In this home Sarah, Ellen, Rachel, and Della first saw the light of day.

"At the time of Johnston's army, 1857, I moved the grist mill west from Mill Creek and set it up on the Big Cotton-

wood Creek where it crosses the state road. It was just on top of the bluff in a bend of the stream and on the west side of it."

The house was built of lumber and is still standing. It was a few rods west of the mill. In its large front room, 16x24 feet, often fifty men were seated down at meal time while the mill race was being dug. A beef was killed every Saturday night. President Young would send from twenty to thirty male emigrants at a time from Salt Lake City out to work on the race. It was built entirely with pick, shovel, and spades. The men were bedded in the Mill. Archibald Gardner employed thousands of men during his life time. During the same summer two companies of emigrants from Missouri and Kansas passed through Salt Lake City, crossed the Jordan River at a bridge at Tenth South, and continued southward on the road west of the Jordan River. The second of these camped one night at the Gardner Mill, bought supplies of flour, and received permission to camp free of charge in the "Big Hay Field" in the southern end of the county. They had two or three hundred head of animals and remained for a week or two, resting and preparing for their further journey to California. They were a vindictive lot and upon leaving poisoned the big spring that had gurgled forth their water supply. One of the companies reached California, but the other was massacred by Indians at Mountain Meadows, Southern Utah. The spring was drained after they left and was never used again.

In connection with the "Big Hay Field" we find this information in the history of Riverton Ward: "At an early day a branch organization of the church was effected, with Nicholas T. Silcock as president of the little settlement called Gardnerville, in honor of Bishop Archibald Gardner who owned most of the land in the neighborhood at the time. Brother Silcock presided under the West Jordan bishopric until the reorganization in 1877, when Gardnerville was consolidated with and made a part of the South Jordan Ward. In 1879, when a precinct was established, the name of the settlement was changed to Riverton." •

21

A MEMORABLE CELEBRATION

All of the Gardners attended the tenth anniversary celebration in Big Cottonwood on July 24, 1857, except Aunt Margaret, whose baby, Delila, was but six days old, and Aunt Cynthia, Robert's wife, who was nursing her. This was an important occasion. Headed by President Young, a company of two thousand five hundred and eighty-seven persons attended. They were conveyed there in four hundred sixty-four carriages and wagons, drawn by ten hundred twenty-eight horses and mules, and three hundred thirty-two oxen and cows.

Entertainment consisted of addresses, musical numbers from six brass bands, singing, athletic contests, and drills by six companies of militia. Dancing was punctuated by a salute from a brass howitzer.

Archibald Gardner was Major in the Nauvoo Legion (Utah Militia) at this time, and was in command of the West Jordan Military District which comprised practically all of Salt Lake County. He may have paraded on this occasion.

"I was present with the company in Big Cottonwood when the people celebrated the tenth anniversary of their entry into the valleys. A United States flag was hoisted on the top of a pine tree. I asked General Wells to let me have one and I would put it on top of the highest mountain peak which is north of, and two or three thousand feet higher than the camp. He refused, saying the mountain was too high to be scaled in time to be of any avail. President Young said, 'Let Gardner have a flag.' So they gave me the raggedest one they had and, accompanied by James Hamilton, I took it up, hoisted it to the breeze, and dedicated the ground. When the people below saw it they fired a cannon, struck anvils, and gave a great hurrah. William Casper and John Langthen of Mill Creek took it down in the evening."

While the people were enjoying themselves, Judson Stoddard, Abraham O. Smoot, and Orin Porter Rockwell, twenty days from the territory, accompanied by Elias Smith, brought word that the U. S. Government had sent an army to exterminate the Mormons, and the troops were on the way to Utah. Of course, this ended the celebration, and the people returned to their homes to make preparations to defend themselves.

All able-bodied men were called to go to Echo Canyon to retard the army's advance until word could be sent to Washington and difficulties ironed out. By early winter from two to three thousand men were stationed in the mountains. Owing to scarcity of food and proper clothing and the inclemency of the weather there was a great deal of suffering. Archibald went with the army of defense and shared the hardships with the rest. They were all disbanded in December and were allowed to go home. The Mormons decided in the spring of 1858 that they would move south and leave their homes and hard-earned holdings. Rather than let them be occupied by their enemies, they determined to burn their dwellings to the ground. During April, May and June the road from Salt Lake City south was lined with men, women, children, and teams and wagons. Archibald at this time had a large family but an agreeable and industrious one. The women spun and wove cloth, made their own clothing, braided and sewed, their own hats, cooked for the men at the mills both in the canyon and in the valley. They did everything they could to gain a livelihood in this new country—a thousand miles from civilization's outposts.

Aunt Margaret, Aunt Abby, and Aunt Jane never bore any more children after the move. At that time Archibald's family consisted of nine wives, fifteen children, seven step-children and one little Indian girl named Fanny, who had been adopted. She was given to Aunt Abby by her brother, Ithamer Sprague. It seems the dusky maiden had been stolen from her home by a warring tribe who sold her to Sprague for a pony. She was born on the Weber River and was about ten years old when he purchased her. Her brother, named Muchikce, came to see her at different times in after years, but she would slip away and hide if she saw any other Indians coming. She did not wish to go back to her own people.

Archibald owned at this time the homestead at Mill Creek, the mills in the canyon above, the grist mill and carding machine

near the State Road on the Big Cottonwood stream, a grist mill and saw mill at West Jordan, and the "Big Hay Field" of approximately a thousand acres in the river bottoms in the southern end of Salt Lake Valley. The Gardner clan left all possessions, joined the migration, and moved south to Spanish Fork.

22

AT SPANISH FORK

In 1850 and 1851 the first comers to the vicinity of Spanish Fork had located along the river bottoms, and a branch of the Church organized. The Walker War, an Indian outbreak, began in 1853 and so, for the mutual protection of its settlers, old Fort Luke at Spanish Fork was constructed against the marauding Redskins. It housed nineteen families during the winter of 1854 and 1855. It was built of adobes with walls two feet thick and twenty feet high. The only outside opening was in the south wall, a folding gate sixteen feet high, made of two-inch planks laid double. The fort enclosed a rectangular space one hundred by one hundred feet. It contained sixteen houses, generally a story and a half high, along its inner walls. It was considered a strong fortification for those days.

The war with the Indians was settled in 1854. The first survey for a city was made by James C. Little in the spring of 1855, and the people began to move out of the fort and build homes on the lots of the new townsite. The first of these were built of logs brought from Payson Canyon as only willows and cottonwood grew along the river banks. Sagebrush and greasewood covered the benches and river bottoms, and these with willows and cottonwood constituted largely the fuel for the fire places. Lumber and building supplies were difficult to obtain. Because of this scarcity many of the people were forced to make for themselves shelters in the ground called "dugouts." They were cellars four or five feet deep covered with willows and mud. Steps led down to the entrance in one end, and a fireplace in the other warmed the hovel and furnished light when the door was not open. There were no windows. These primitive dwellings kept out the cold of winter but were dark, often damp, and with dirt walls and floors were not very desirable places in which to live. They served only until the occupants could build something better.

In 1856 Governor Young advised the people of Palmyra village to move to higher ground and join those in the little colony at Spanish Fork. So the population was increased by about four hundred souls. Some houses of adobe were built, but there were so many "dugouts" that Spanish Fork, in those early days was known "Gopher Town." It was a great blessing when Archibald Gardner in 1858 joined the little colony and set up a saw and shingle mill near where the Co-op Roller Mills were later built. He dug a race for water to run the mill and sawed lumber and shingles for more stately abodes. He then erected a much-needed grist mill at an estimated cost of \$13,000. In the revised ordinances of Spanish Fork City, under date of December 17, 1859, we read, "A grant was issued to Archibald Gardner of sufficient water to run a grist mill in this city." This mill was later replaced by one built by the Spanish Fork Co-op which was destroyed by fire in April, 1888.

The year of the "move" marked the visitation of the grim reaper into the ranks of the Gardner clan. Mary, who had, as a girl of fifteen, forsaken her native Scotland and accompanied her father into the rugged wilderness of Canada, and as the wife of Roger Luckham, braved the desolate deserts of the West, was now a victim of "Buchanan's Blunder," for with her husband and children she joined in the great migration to Spanish Fork, and, weary and worn, died the same year, aged fifty-one. Besides her husband she was survived by her children: Margaret and Robert Sweeten, and little ten-year-old Susan Luckham. She lies buried in what was called the Upper Grave Yard, now abandoned.

Johnston's army came to Utah, passed through the deserted city of Salt Lake on June 22, 1858, and over the Jordan River to Cedar valley in Utah County where they established themselves. The place was named Camp Floyd, now Fairfield. When the U. S. soldiers were locating there, they needed lumber to construct their barracks. Some of it was furnished from the Spanish Fork saw mill and brought Gardner fifty dollars per thousand feet.

The trouble with the Government adjusted, the people returned to their former homes. Robert and family went back to Mill Creek, his mother with them. She lived with his first wife, Jane. Roger Luckham and children moved north to Cache Valley and settled at Mendon. Archie's family separated—Aunt Margaret and Serena with their families remained at Spanish Fork to look after the business; Aunt Abby and daughter took up their resi-

dence at the "Big Hay Field;" Aunt Mary Ann moved to West Jordan; Aunt Jane, Althea, Lizzie, and Sarah Jane went to the home by Big Cottonwood Mill on the State Road. Aunt Jane cooked for the men in Mill Creek Canyon many summers. She spent her winters in West Jordan.

When Archie located at Spanish Fork, he did so with the intention of making it his permanent home. He commenced building what was for those times a large and elegant residence. The foundation was forty by fifty feet, built of sandstone, cut, squared, and dressed. The building was to have been two stories; four large rooms each with a fire place; with a hall extending through the center of the ground floor and the same arrangement above. The Indians were still troublesome. It was difficult to get timber out of the canyons for his saw mill. Construction was delayed on this account. He was called from Spanish Fork, to be bishop of West Jordan Ward, and the house, after being built up to the square and over a thousand dollars expended on it, was left to crumble and decay.

Regarding Spanish Fork of 1860 the Deseret News says: "Tour through Utah Co. on 21 of February, 1860, by C. C. Rich and Erastus Snow.

"Spanish Fork under the presidency of Elder John W. Berry gives also indications of increasing enterprize. Archibald Gardner's new flour mill is in successful operation and doing excellent work. A new central school house double the size of their ward house has recently been completed on the southeast corner of the public square, and we confidently predict, at no very distant period, a general resurrection and exaltation from the 'dug-outs' of that new and populous town."

Daily Journal—Thursday, March 8, 1859: "In his office President Young told George A. Smith to send word to Archibald Gardner to come to the city to be ordained a bishop of West Jordan Ward." That ordinance was performed some time between March 8 and April 8, 1859. He took the place of Joseph Harker of Taylorsville and chose for counselors Daniel R. Allen, his miller, and Royal J. Cutler.

The scope of country that he presided over extended from the point of the mountain, on the south, to the point of the mountain on the north, all of the country west of the Jordan River to the mountains and also on the east side where East

Jordan, Creseent, and Sandy wards are now located, and the original name was West Jordan. The wards that have been made from it are Bluffdale, Riverton, South Jordan, Taylorsville, Ben-nion, Granger, Pleasant Green, East Jordan, Harriman, Hunter, Creseent, Sandy, Magna First and Second Wards, and Midvale First and Second Wards.

When he went over to Jordan to take charge of the ward, he found Joseph Harker, who had been presiding, living in a one-room log house with a dirt floor. His signature was necessary on some papers, but there was no pen. A feather was pulled from a goose's tail and converted into one, indigo (used for bluing clothes) served as ink, and the documents were signed.

When instructing him for his duties as bishop, President Brigham Young said, "Archie, you are going over to Jordan to be a father to the people. They are good sturdy pioneers, but they have their faults. You must lead, not drive them. Do not expect them to be all alike. If one is too tall, don't chop his head off to make him the desired height or stretch one's neck out of joint if he is short to make him taller," meaning, of course, that he must take men as he found them and be patient with their imperfections.

From the History of Brigham Young—Saturday, April, 1859: "At 4:00 p. m. George A. Smith and Ezra T. Benson started across the Jordan and up the river. They soon came to where some water lay on the ground and the horses mired. They unharnessed and got the horses out of the mud, then obtained help and lifted the carriage out and proceeded to Brother D. R. Allen's. Here they spent the night with Archibald Gardner lately appointed Bishop of West Jordan Ward.

"George A. Smith, A. Gardner and D. R. Allen entered into a partnership to put a carding machine in the Jordan Mill. On Saturday, April 16, 1859, the High Council met between one and two p. m. Archibald Gardner, Daniel R. Allen and George A. Smith deposited with E. R. Young \$125.00 to buy card clothing for a double carding machine which he was to buy in the states. He receipted for the amount."

LIFE IN THE EARLY 60'S

In 1861 Robert was called to the Dixie Mission and left in the fall, taking with him his wife Mary Ann and her family. They arrived in St. George, December 1, 1861, and he helped to lay out that city. It was a hard country from which to wrest a living. He and families suffered poverty and all kinds of privations. From the first he was a leading spirit in the community and was closely identified with the growth and development of southern Utah. He was a bishop of St. George for many years, as well as mayor of the city, and he held numerous other positions of trust during his long and useful life.

May 15, 1861, the West Jordan Ward House was begun under direction of Bishop Gardner. A contract to lay the rock and construct the building was given to Elias Morris and signed May 15, 1861. The first load of rock was hauled by the bishop's eldest son Neil. With a span of mules, bought from Johnston's Army at Camp Floyd when the soldiers left, he led a group of volunteers over the flats to the red sandstone quarry, six miles northwest of the rock church. Previous to the advent of the rock Ward House all church meetings, day school, dances, and amusements were held in a small log house built near the spot where the present Ward House stands.

April 28, 1862, Margaret Calinder Gardner, the faithful Saint and devoted mother of William, Archibald, and Robert, died at the age of eighty-five, at Mill Creek, and was buried beside her husband in the Salt Lake Cemetery. After her death, Archibald and Robert sold their property on Mill Creek and also the mill on the State Road. President Young brought the latter.

Archibald moved those of his family living at Mill Creek to West Jordan, and Robert moved his to Dixie, except his eldest daughter, Mary, who had married James R. Miller. In 1862 William, who had lived in Cache County for six years, decided

to move to California. Accordingly, he took those who were at home with him; namely, his two wives, Janet and Mary, his sons Neil, Duncan, Brigham, Heber, Henry, James, and Thomas, and they journeyed to the Coast.

In 1862 Harriet moved to Spanish Fork where her son William Armitage died September 15, 1882, and there was buried. All the rest of Archibald's family who had passed away in Utah had been interred in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

From 1861 to 1868, before the advent of the railroad in Utah, caravans were sent back to the Missouri River to aid poor emigrants to Zion. West Jordan Ward responded loyally, and each year did her part. In 1861 she sent one team; in '62 she sent four; in '63 five teams; in '64 she responded liberally, and in '65 at least four teams went, and in 1868 the last call was answered with six men and six teams.

M. Cowley, in his *Life of Wilford Woodruff*, designates January 6, 1862, as one of the most important days in the history of the Church since its location in the Valleys. That day a mass-meeting was held, and nine delegates were elected to attend a Territorial convention which was to frame a Constitution, organize a provisional State Government, and ask for admission into the Union. Brother Woodruff was a strong advocate of the movement even though he did not feel quite sure that the Saints would obtain their full rights. The experience of the people with Federal officials had been a most unhappy one. The spirit and prejudice which had sent the army to Utah also sent its Federal officers. They came with malice in their hearts, and, of course, were not prepared to do justice to an unpopular people. Elder Woodruff did not believe that men should sit supinely by and allow their rights to be trampled upon without a protest. He thought it becoming of free men to assert their rights and demand justice that they might maintain their self-respect, even though their protestations were unheeded.

The delegates to this convention were Daniel H. Wells, Albert Carrington, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Abraham O. Smoot, James Ferguson, Reuben Miller, Archibald Gardner, and Elias Smith, "all men of strong character and a great integrity."

Eighteen sixty-two was the year of high water. The bridge over Jordan was washed away. Something must be done. So Bishop Gardner built a ferry which served until he was able

to put in a permanent bridge.

Documentary History of Church:

"Archibald Gardner reports that he has been at work on the bridges at Cottonwood and over Jordan. The bridge at Jordan Mill has gone but the one at Bemdon's he believes is safe. They have worked at it almost day and night for some time. June 22, Ezra T. Benson reports that the Logan River was a mile wide and the water so high they had to use a boat to cross it."

January 10, 1863, Neil, Archibald's oldest son was married to Regina Evensen, daughter of his wife Serena by a former marriage. The ceremony was performed in the Endowment House. The new Ward House which was in course of construction was fixed up temporarily for the occasion and a dance held in it in the evening. The young couple made their home in Spanish Fork, where Neil looked after his father's business. He was assisted by a Scotchman, John Angus, a miller, who with his wife Betsy were life-long friends of the Gardners.

April 8, 1863, Daily Journal of Church: "A. Gardner was appointed one of a committee to manage the drive of cattle to be made on that part of the range south of Taylorsville and to the mouth of Harker's Canyon. It is presumed that the two committees will perfect their arrangements and make a thorough job of it, but with due deference to their business qualifications which are known to be of the first order, we do not expect they will be able to give general satisfaction." All were not of one mind at that time.

VISITS HIS BROTHER

During the early days of Utah, President Young made annual trips to southern Utah. Roads were poor and travel by wagon slow. On one of these expeditions Archie, with some of his friends and relatives, joined President Young's company. He was anxious to visit Robert in St. George and see the Dixie country.

The following is from his diary giving an account of the trip.

"Tuesday, April 21, 1863, Sam Bateman, John Irving, John Egbert and I left Jordan Mills at 11:00 A. M. We halted at Isaac Wardle's about fifteen minutes. He joined the company. We stopped at Powell's place on Jordan about two hours and Pleasant Bradford accompanied us. We were all on horseback. We arrived at Spanish Fork after dark. It rained all night. My son Neil came with us and we caught up with President Young and company at Payson. Reached Salt Creek about 12:30 P. M., attended meeting at 2:00 P. M., a public dinner in the evening and a dance afterward.

"Thursday, 23. A heavy snow fell until about 11 A. M. Held meeting and received good instructions on improvements.

"Friday. Started for Sanpete County. The roads were bad. Halted about 11 A. M. at Uintah, a promising little settlement. About 1 P. M. reached Moroni, a beautiful location. Took dinner, then left for North Bend. Held meeting. Remained overnight. Met a number of old acquaintances. This place has many natural advantages, splendid building rock, an abundance of cedar covering the low hills, rich lands and good range. There appears to be a great deal of saw timber in the mountains easy of access with plenty of water. Best of all an industrious people are making a garden out of a desert waste.

"We stopped at Mt. Pleasant about 10 A. M. and held

meeting. This community has the largest population of any village in Sanpete but not the greatest number of improvements. It was destroyed once by Indians and the present town is but four years old, one year older than North Bend. Took dinner at Springtown where President Orson Hyde resides. This pretty little town is three years old. Passing through Fort Ephraim we drove to Manti, quite a large village. It is settled mostly with Danes and has the largest meeting house in Sanpete Valley which is built of rock. We remained at Manti over Saturday night, the 25th.

"The Presidency and company went back Sunday morning, the 26th, to Fort Ephraim, seven miles, and held two meetings. Returned to Manti in the evening, rested our animals and held assembly there. This is the oldest settlement in the county, thirteen years. There are some beautiful stone buildings and a stone grist mill—at least they call it by that name. They say there is a worse one a mile out of town, also a saw mill without a roof.

"Monday, 27th, we tarried at Fort Gunnison on the Sevier River and held a meeting. Gunnison is in a lovely little valley. There is an abundance of cedar, good building rock, plenty of water and fertile land. We were shown some high grade alum, found not far away. A coal bed is located thirty-five miles up the river. The town is but three years old. Sanpete and Sevier Valleys are rich in fine resources: range, water, hay land, coal mines, cedar and saw timber, with as good building rock conveniently located as the world can afford. The climate is pretty good. Wheat, oats, potatoes, garden vegetables can be raised in abundance.

"Left Tuesday morning, the 28th. President Young and company with wagons went to Round Valley via the Sevier Bridge, a distance of thirty-five miles, while eight of us on horseback struck over the mountains for the same destination—fifteen miles. Held a meeting and remained over night. Started for Fillmore on the 29th. We were met six miles from town by a band who escorted us in. Held meeting and attended a dance in State House in the evening. A large crowd was present. We lodged that night with our old friends, the Huntsman's, obtained a light wagon and drove to Beaver on Thursday, the 29th, a distance of sixty-four miles. There our old friend Simeon Howd welcomed us. Meeting was held that evening.

"Arrived at Parowan, May 1, and convened with the residents. Remained over night. This is where Brother George A. Smith lives.

"May 2, reached Cedar City where the iron works used to be. Held meeting. We took dinner with our old Canadian friend, Brother George Carry. Journeyed on to Kanarrhah where we remained for the night.

"May 3, the Sabbath, we drove over a rough, rocky road to Toquerville in Dixie. Everything was in full bloom. About sixty families in the village. They are now planting cotton, some is up. Peaches are large as pigeon eggs, peas are in the pod, and other things in proportion. Meeting held. Lodged here.

"The President and most of the company started, May 4th, up the Virgin River to visit Grafton and other settlements while the boys and I headed for St. George and found Robert's folks all well. Met numerous old acquaintances all well and feeling first rate. This is a beautiful location at the junction of the Rio Virgin and St. Clara Rivers. There's an abundance of good land and apparently plenty of water. St. George is a comparatively large, well layed out city with good springs of water, enough to supply the town for culinary purposes and irrigate the city lots. It has some well constructed stone houses, stone corrals, and some gardens with stone walks. There are white adobe houses and numerous shade trees. The brethren seem to vie with each other in planting trees of almost every variety. Many of the grape vines are filled with blossoms and some peach trees, budded only last year, are yielding.

"Plum and apricot trees are laden with fruit. I saw for the first time, olive and almond trees and the tea plant. This city has about eight hundred inhabitants and facilities for many more. Machinery is needed. There is plenty of cedar, fifteen miles of herd grounds, from ten to thirty miles of saw timber and much more in Pine Valley, thirty-five miles to the north.

"Thursday at 1 A. M. President Young and company arrived. They rested Friday and held meeting at Santa Clara that night. Meetings held Saturday and Sunday at St. George. The boys hunted horses from Thursday till today, Monday 11th. Started at noon to hunt the mule. Horses found today. President Young and company began the return trip via Pine Valley."

When Harriet's first husband left her, he went to California. He now returned and persuaded her to come back to him. In 1863 she was divorced from Archibald and remarried her former husband, Henry Larter. She took her daughter Lovina Gardner with her. They lived at Moroni, Sanpete Co., Utah. When Lovina was between eight and nine years of age, her mother died, leaving three children by Larter, and Lovina, who came home to her father. Aunt Jane took her to raise, and there she made her home until she married Sidney Savage, February 7, 1875.

25

MINES ARE DISCOVERED

The first discovery of commercial metals since the occupation of Utah by the Mormons was in southern Utah. Parley P. Pratt and others were exploring that region in '49 and '50, and iron ore was found. Primitive operations were carried on from '50 to '53. A pair of tongs displayed by Jedidiah M. Grant at a meeting in Salt Lake City and an iron bell, together with some other articles for general use, were produced.

What may be called the next economic discovery was made by Isaac Grundy and his associates, also Mormons, who located lead and silver mines near Minersville in 1858 and built a crude recovery furnace. The purpose of the furnace was to produce metals for bullets. "Something" in the lead made it too hard for that purpose. The "something" was found later to be silver. The next discovery was that of coal near Coalville in 1859. This mine supplied fuel for a number of years, and mining is intermittently carried on there today.

In the summer of 1863 a man named Ogilvie, while logging in Bingham Canyon for Gardner, picked up an attractive-looking piece of ore. He sent it to General Connor at Camp Douglas to be assayed. It was found to be rich in gold and silver.

About the same time a party of Camp Douglas officers and wives went to Bingham Canyon on a "picnic." They discovered a vein of ore and staked a mining claim. On September 2, this year, General Connor held a miner's meeting at Gardner's mill on the Jordan. Here mining laws, drawn up by the General, were adopted, and the Jordan Silver Mining District was organized—the first of its kind in Utah. Bishop Gardner was elected its first recorder.

What is known as "West Mountain Mining District" was organized September 17, 1864, and included the Jordan Silver Mining Company claim. It became one of the wealthiest in the intermountain region.

At the present time the United States Smelting, Refining, and Mining Company own this, the first mining claim of record in Utah. The notice reads as follows:

"Jordan Silver Mining Company.

"The Undersigned Members of the Jordan Silver Mining Co. claim for Mining purposes one Share of two hundred feet each, and one additional Claim of two hundred feet for the original discoverer George B. Ogilvie on this lead of mineral ore, with all its dips, spurs, and angles, beginning at the stake, situated one hundred feet northeast of Gardner's Shantie (s) in Bingham Canyon, West Mountain, and running five thousand two hundred feet in a westerly direction, along the side of said mountain on a line with Bingham Canyon and intend to work the same according to the mining laws of this mining district.

	Share		Share
Archibald Gardner	1	M. G. Lewis	1
Geo. B. Ogilvie	2	Alex Bexsted	1
Alex Agilvie	1	James Finnerty	1
P. E. Connor	1	Saml. Egbert	1
R. C. Drum	1	G. W. Carleton	1
Wm. Hickman	1	Neil Anderson	1
Robert K. Reid	1	Edw. McGarry	1
John Harcottle	1	M. J. Jenkins	1
C. J. Sprague	1	H. O. Pratt	1
Thomas Bexsted	1	Robert Pollock	1
James Branigan	1	Daniel McLean	1
Henry Bexsted	1	N. B. Eldred	1
Hugh O'Donnel	1		

Bingham Canyon

Salt Lake Co.

Utah Territory

Sept. 17th, 1863

A. Gardner, Recorder"

Gardner's Shantie referred to in the notice was built by A. Gardner for his loggers who supplied his West Jordan saw mill.

Of the signers and original shareowners in the "notice" a little information is available.

The Undersigned, Members of the Jordan Silver Mining Co. claim for Mining purposes one Share of two hundred feet each, and one additional Claim of two hundred feet for the original Discoverer George B. Ogilvie on this lead of mineral ore, with all its dips, spurs, and angles, beginning at the stake, situated one hundred feet northeast of Gardner's Shantie in Bingham Canyon, on West Mountain, and running five thousand two hundred feet in a westerly direction, along the side of said Mountain on a line with Bingham Canyon and intend to work the same according to the Mining Laws of this Mining District.

Archibald Gardner	1	M. G. Lewis	1
Geo B Ogilvie	2	Alex Bexsted	1
Alex Ogilvie	1	James Finnerty	1
P. E. Connor	1	Saml. Egbert	1
R. C. Drum	1	G. W. Carleton	1
Wm. Hickman	1	Neil Anderson	1
Robert K. Reid	1	Edw. McGarry	1
John Harcottle	1	M. J. Jenkins	1
C. J. Sprague	1	H. O. Pratt	1
Thomas Bexsted	1	Robert Pollock	1
James Branigan	1	Daniel McLean	1
Henry Bexsted	1	N. B. Eldred	1
Hugh O'Donnel	1		

Bingham Canyon
Salt Lake Co
Utah Territory
Sept 17th 1863

George B. Ogilvie and Alex Ogilvie were stock-raisers and ran their cattle at the mouth of Bingham Canyon. They lived at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at the time ore was discovered. P. E. Connor was Brigadier General and in charge at Fort Douglas in '63, and General Richard Colter Drum served as an officer under him. William A. Hickman was the notorious "Bill" Hickman of early Utah history. Dr. Robert K. Reid was surgeon at the Fort. Col. Charles Jeffrey Sprague served as paymaster to the regiment. Samuel Egbert was a prominent farmer and stock-raiser of West Jordan. Neil Anderson, a Swede, was working in Bingham when ore was discovered. General Edward McCarry, Captain Daniel McLean, and Colonel Robert Pollock were officers at Fort Douglas. H. O. Pratt was a telegraph operator. No written record has been found of other signers.

It is a list of distinguished ecclesiastical and military men which appears on the first location claim of record in Bingham Canyon and which was filed after the eventful meeting at Gardner's mill that September day in '63.

THE WEST JORDAN WARD HOUSE COMPLETED

Work on the meeting house progressed slowly. The people were poor, and funds were hard to obtain. When the building was ready for the roof, the money on hand was nearly exhausted. Something must be done to raise more. Three military men living in the ward, Charles Hawn, Samuel Bateman, and William Turner, planned a military ball. A tarpaulin stretched above made a temporary roof for the building. Guests of honor were President Brigham Young, George Q. Cannon, and the Presiding Bishop of the Church, Edward Hunter. Officers from Fort Douglas in uniform added a real military touch. Tickets were a dollar a couple, and a very large crowd attended. Proceeds from the affair helped materially to finance the completion of the building.

After six years of labor and struggle, the meeting house was dedicated in the summer of 1867. The main building was thirty by forty feet, with a vestry, twenty feet square, on the west. It was constructed at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The population of the ward at this time was nearly six hundred. Red sandstone for the walls was hauled by ox, horse, and mule teams from a quarry near the Oquirrh Range. This supply was almost exhausted at the completion of the building. For trim and finishing, granite was brought from the mouth of Little Cottonwood. Glass, plastering, and painting jobs were expensive but necessary. Brother Morrel was engaged to do the painting and decorating. The people of the ward were eager to help in every way. Donations of materials and labor were accepted and produce of all kinds used to pay off workmen. Aunt Mary Ann did much of the cooking for the men during the earlier days of construction. The food was substantial but lacked variety, so a trap was built in the mill race, and fish caught helped out the menu. There was a tragedy connected with the fish trap. One morning while inspecting it, Reuben, then a young lad, saw something floating in the water. Upon examination it was found to be the body of

the little son of William Dowding, carried down with the current from a mile and a half up stream, where he had fallen in. His death was doubly sad as he was an only child.

When the house was ready for dedication, great were the preparations for the event. Aunt Lizzie's house, still standing just east of the mill, was refurnished. An ingrain or "states" carpet, the first the Gardner children had ever seen, was laid. New pieces of furniture were bought. Even a stable for the President Young's horses was erected for the occasion. The great day came. Children carrying banners stood on each side of the path the beloved leader was to tread. One motto read:

"Brigham leads,
The kingdom grows,
The stone is rolling,
Mind your toes."

The Deseret News account, August 11, 1867: "On Sunday morning President Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith and George Q. Cannon of the twelve, Bishop E. Hunter, John Sharp and others traveled to West Jordan Ward to attend the dedication of the new meeting house. We were favored with a seat in Elder Stephenson's carriage and enjoyed the trip. The morning was dull with clouds overhead. We started about 4:30 A. M. President Young had gone on before. Down the State road for several miles eyes gazed around inquiringly for grasshoppers, or locusts which it was reported had descended in great numbers on Friday evening. They had been kept down by the clouds and rain of Saturday. About eight miles from the city they began to make themselves visible. Small patches of unbroken land were alive with them and grain fields by the wayside bore mute evidence of their presence and activity in an indubitable manner. It was said that some patches, a distance from the road, had been completely devoured. One wheat field we passed seemed literally alive. Flitting in countless myriads just above the grain, their thin gauzy wings glistened in the sunlight.

"Reaching the new meeting house close to Bishop Gardner's mill a little after ten o'clock, we found President Young speaking. Elder Wilford Woodruff had already offered the Dedicationary prayer. The President declared that God had blessed for the sake of his people, every place where the Saints had settled and that the

earth is to be made beautiful and become fit for Jesus to reign King of Nations as he now reigns King of Saints. While partaking of the hospitality of the Saints, there was a heavy down pour of rain which swelled little rivulets into miniature torrents in a few moments. But although the house had not been large enough to hold but about a third of the congregation in the morning, there seemed no diminution of numbers in the afternoon.

"Standing outside under dripping umbrellas, great numbers of eager people looked through open windows and listened to the remarks of the speakers. President Young complimented Bishop Gardner and, speaking of their arduous duties, expressed his approval of the bishops generally. He recommended that children be kept in school instead of being put to herding stock. He recommended the establishment of classes for improvement in every useful line and blessed the people in the name of Jesus Christ.

"After meeting, the President's company returned to the city by the road on the west side of the river. A mounted escort accompanied them several miles. This same convoy had met the President in the morning and school children with bannerets and mottoes were arranged on each side of the road near the meeting house, and made a pleasing sight." The rock house was used for years for all public purposes—schools, public entertainment, dances, etc.

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A BRIDGE GOES DOWN

January 19, 1866, Brother Gardner wrote to George A. Smith from West Jordan as follows: "The bridge at this place broke down yesterday and most of it went down the river. We are unable to say what was the cause, for the river was not high, but a very heavy wind was blowing. Fortunately no one was near when it occurred. We had flattered ourselves that we had a good bridge this time. Teams with lumber from the steam saw mill with heavy loads have been crossing frequently. A team with a hundred bushel of grain went over the bridge the day before. Herds of stock passing over did not seem to have any effect upon it and yet it broke when no one was near. We presume it must have been the heavy gale blowing at the time.

"It was the old suspension part that went down. All abutments and bents that I put in are still alright. Only forty feet of the new planking on that part of the old bridge went with it. We are obliged on account of the circumstances of the people, to put it in again." (Letter on file with Church Historian.)

In the Territorial Appropriation Bill of January 19, 1866, the following item occurs: "To reimburse Archibald Gardner for material furnished to build a bridge across Jordan River near his mill in Salt Lake Co. \$1500.00." In Territorial Appropriation Bill, February 21, 1868, this item: "That there be paid out of any money in the Territorial Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, the following amount viz: To Archibald Gardner for relief for building bridge across Jordan River one thousand dollars (\$1,000)."

In this year, 1866, he built a grist mill near Bishop Reuben Miller's on the Big Cottonwood stream. Aunt Jane and her family moved there to cook for the workmen. About this time he took contracts to build bridges—one over Jordan and one over Big Cottonwood Creek.

On October 26, 1867, Rhoda Ann, daughter of Mary Ann,

died at West Jordan, aged fifteen years and three months. Although hampered from birth with a crooked foot she still maintained a gentle, loving disposition. She was always kind and thoughtful of others and was deeply mourned by her family and friends.

In the summer of 1867 Uncle William and family returned from California. The family consisted of himself, Aunt Janet, her children, Neil, Duncan, Brigham, Heber, Henry, and Althea (the latter born in California) and Mary's son James. Mary had left William while they were on the coast and had married another. Her son Thomas died and was buried there in 1865. William had accumulated considerable property in California on the Stanislaus River but, away from the influence of the Church, and Janet, his wife, dissatisfied and praying every night that her family might be all spared to return to Utah, he sold out and came back. With his family he stayed a short time on West Jordan then purchased a farm on Cottonwood and moved onto it in the fall of 1868.

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THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD

After twenty-one years of isolation in the desert, the only contact with the outside world being by ox team and later by horse and mule teams, the people of Utah heralded with delight the joyful news that the railroads from the east and west were nearing completion. True, in October, 1861, the Pacific Telegraph had speeded communication with the outside world. It had supplanted the Pony Express which for sixteen months previously had heroically, and in incredible time, taken mail from the Missouri River to Sacramento in eight days. Contrast that with the time it required for the letter from Utah to reach Duncan Livingston in Canada in 1849. Dated April 9, it was received July 29, one hundred and eleven days or three months and twenty-one days after mailing.

In the spring of 1868 the transcontinental railroad was nearing completion. Gardner contracted to furnish ties. He took men and outfits and left for Wyoming, where he intended to procure and float the ties down the Green River, then deliver to the railroad at the nearest point. Among those accompanying him were Aunt Jane and two children, Reuben and Ann, his daughter Ellen, Fanny, the Indian girl, his son-in-law Charles Hawn, and wife Sarah, his son Neil from Spanish Fork, and a young lady also from there, Jane Hillman. They reached Robinson's Ferry and were proceeding up the river banks when a terrible tragedy occurred. John Rockhill, one of the party, returned from hunting. He was endeavoring to place his gun in the rear of the wagon when it accidentally discharged, killing Jane instantly. They returned to Robinson's Ferry.

"The sad accident filled the party with the most intense grief. The rites of sepulchre were bestowed upon her remains with all possible care." (Deseret News, April 15, 1868). Then word came that the Indians were on the warpath. It was dangerous to proceed farther. They decided to return home without getting

out any ties. That same fall Neil, John Rockhill, and others returned by sleigh, obtained Miss Hillman's body, and brought it to Spanish Fork where it was buried.

The railroad was spanning the continent! The "Iron Horse" was on its way. Hundreds of Utahns were at Promotory Point that memorable May 10, 1869, when Governor Leland Stanford of California, with solid silver sledge in hand, drove the golden spike—fashioned from twenty-three twenty-dollar gold pieces (worth four hundred sixty dollars)—into that last tie of polished California laurel wood. The word "Done" was telegraphed from coast to coast. The continent was girdled with bands of steel. A new era was born.

The Utah Central Railroad was finished between Ogden and Salt Lake by January 10, 1870, and the Utah Southern extended it to Provo by November 25, 1873. Some time after this, when the road had been laid that far, an excursion was run to Payson. Bishop Gardner took a number of his children on that long-remembered occasion. He appreciated the importance of this great accomplishment to the future of the territory, and he wished his children to evaluate it.

Another time he took twenty of his children to a circus in Salt Lake City, paying one dollar for each ticket. Was that a gala day!

In '67 and '68 Gardner built a mill at Pleasant Grove. Aunt Jane with children came to cook. Aunt Margaret went to Cottonwood temporarily while Aunt Jane was away but came on later to assist in the kitchen. In that mill he placed machinery that made the first pearl barley in the state.

While building the Pleasant Grove mill, Archibald became acquainted with Mary Larsen, living then with her mother and step-father, Nels Heiselt. December 20, 1870, she became his eleventh and last wife. The mill completed, Aunt Jane moved to Cottonwood and Aunt Margaret back to West Jordan into a new home that her husband had purchased from John A. Egbert. It was a two-story adobe house, located just east of and below the Jordan Church. The canal ran in front of it, and huge cottonwood trees shaded it. One entered into a large room which served as a kitchen and dining-room during cooler weather. A summer kitchen on the south proved beneficial when the thermo-

meter soared. Two bedrooms on the west led from it, and a stairway in the north end mounted up to one large bedroom above. Aunt Abbie and Aunt Mary both came to live with Margaret.

On April 4, 1868, a double wedding took place. Aunt Margaret's two daughters, Margaret and Sarah, were married in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City. Margaret married Albert Smith from Draper and went to live there. Sarah became the plural wife of Charles D. Hawn and lived on Jordan with her sister Abbie, his first wife.

GROWTH OF WEST JORDAN WARD

Editor of the Deseret News: "Having visited West Jordan Ward Sunday, June 9, 1868, I thought a few items from that direction would be welcomed by some of our numerous readers. The ward is situated thirteen miles southwest of Great Salt Lake City. It is divided into four districts, each of which has a meeting and school house where members assemble every Sabbath except on the second Sunday of each month. Then they meet in their splendid stone edifice at West Jordan Mills under direction of Bishop Archibald Gardner.

"The inhabitants have settled principally seven miles up and five miles down the Jordan River from the Mills. They cultivate mostly the river bottoms which are seriously affected at present and have been badly damaged during past years by high water. Much of the land growing grain is at this time inundated. Bishop Gardner says the water is one inch higher than he has ever seen it. I must say that it is by his perseverance that the bridge and crossing have been preserved. He has spent three hundred dollars besides considerable poll tax during the present week forming an embankment one quarter of a mile long to make them secure. The material for it has been carted in from a ten to twenty one foot cut, off the top of the steep hill where the road climbs over. Naturally this improves the road. In many places along this safeguard leading to the bridge, the water is deep enough to swim a horse. The dike is two feet above the deluge, so that this crossing is safe which is quite essential both for home travel and for the western emigrant. (The old emigrant trail to California was along the Jordan River.)

"Previous and recent rains, high water, and increasing demands for building lots on higher ground make it necessary for the ward to provide a new townsite on the bench. Twenty-two lots of two and a half acres each are laid off, fenced and mostly planted. In passing over the tract I saw apple, peach, pear and plum trees. Some of the peach trees are bearing although only

set out this spring. To this district is attached a new survey of one thousand acres; one hundred twenty of which are fenced and in grain and the water brought onto the region. People in the ward tell me they have been cramped in the agricultural line. Now that Utah Lake water is likely to be brought over the barren area they prefer the apple, peach, pear and grain in lieu of so much herding ground. The Bishop tells me the ward has ten thousand head of sheep on the range, and considerable stock, by which, in connection with canyon work, they have sustained themselves. I saw twelve acres of land that has borne twelve successive wheat crops and each succeeding one had been the most productive. This is accounted for from the fact that the muddy water from Utah Lake deposits considerable rich silt each spring onto the land. We held meeting at 11 o'clock with attendance of about three hundred souls from different districts.

"In conclusion I can say from twenty-two years acquaintance with Bishop Gardner that I find him, as on first acquaintance newly arrived from Canada, energetic, full of faith, determined to be true to the end. His name is likely to continue as he tells me he is the father of thirty-five children. He is establishing a way to feed them as he has just completed a splendid grist mill on Mill Creek, the carpenter's work of which cost \$4,000; total cost \$17,000 and he has mills in various places."

THE BRIDGES OVER PROVO AND SPANISH FORK RIVERS

Deseret News, March 20, 1868: "President Brigham Young and fellow travelers spent the day in Provo. He together with Commissioner McKean, Mayor Abraham O. Smoot and others determined to build a bridge across the Provo River, two hundred and fifty feet long and twenty feet wide. Archibald Gardner offered to build it for \$7,000 dollars."

March 24, 1868, at Provo. "Brother A. F. MacDonald in a letter to Bishop A. M. Musser, received this morning, says: 'All is well here. President Young and other citizens are going to work on the road near the Provo River to improve its approaches. President Young, Commissioner McKean, Elder George A. Smith, Bishop Smoot and Sheets and a number of others located the bridge site. Bishop A. Gardner was there and is to be the builder, work to be pushed forward immediately'."

May 20, 1868: "Provo River is rising fast. The piles are down for the new bridge and Brother A. Gardner, the contractor, expects to have it (three hundred feet long) completed next month."

June 6, 1868: "Brother A. Gardner has the Provo bridge about half way covered; the river is still fordable; the coolness of the weather favors this."

The early pioneers of Utah were a combination of sterling virtues. With high courage they entered a desert land and, notwithstanding poverty, isolation, and devastating pests, such as crickets and grasshoppers, they hewed out a civilization which is a light to the world today. The early settlers of Spanish Fork were of this type.

It was first necessary to provide food and shelter, then roads and bridges to facilitate travel. Places for meeting and forts for protection came a little later.

BRIDGES OVER PROVO AND SPANISH FORK RIVERS 95

We call attention to the early bridge over the river at Spanish Fork. There is no record of when the first one was built. As early as 1854 Stephen Markham was "appointed to superintend the building of a bridge across the Spanish Fork on the new county road below the present one and is hereby instructed to let the contract to the lowest bidder." (Utah County Court Record.)

This was replaced by another in 1860 or thereabouts. From same record: "A memorial of Dennis Dorrity in form of a petition No. 155 by the people of Spanish Fork asking for an appropriation to build a bridge across the river. Whereupon the court appropriated the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars to be paid in 1860 and one hundred and fifty dollars to be paid in 1861 to John Berry."

These bridges stood up well for all the punishment to which they were subjected. After winters of much snow on the watershed, when the warm weather of spring came on suddenly, the Spanish Fork River often swelled with startling and devastating suddenness. River banks overflowed, flooded the lowlands along its course, and early crops were ruined. Deposits of mud and debris caused heavy losses as did the washing away of dams, bridges, and roads. In later years when canals took the water from the river, these conditions were brought under control.

On divers occasions in those early decades when Old Sol was making his journey northward, it was necessary to ferry across the angry current, near the bridge on the territorial highway, not because it had washed away, but in consequence of the inundation of the approaches. The bridge was not accessible without swimming.

In 1862, the year of high water, the river rose to such an extent as to cover all the bottoms from bluff to bluff or from the river bridge on the present Highway 91 to where the high school now stands. The flood prevailed for a long time and cut deep channels across the road and destroyed it generally. When the waters subsided and a new road was necessary, there were no funds from territory or county available. The people of the town had no alternative but to repair the road at their own expense or let it remain unused. They chose to "mend their ways" and turned out en masse and built a much better one.

The old river bridge withstood the deluge at that time, but

in 1865 repairs costing \$150 were necessary. In 1868 it was deemed advisable to tear it away and build a new one. The Utah County court appropriated \$500.00 to Orrawell Simons for that purpose. He was in charge of the work. An experienced bridge builder was engaged for the project in the person of Archibald Gardner. The above amount did not cover the cost of building and December 8, 1868, \$212.00 additional was appropriated in favor of Gardner. March 1, 1869, "upon consideration, a further sum of \$1000.00 was appropriated in favor of Archibald Gardner for the building of said bridge." It was supported by large wooden piles and was sturdily constructed. This was replaced by the iron bridge, which in turn was succeeded in 1920 by the present earth-filled Spander's Arch bridge, built of cement and costing the State twenty-six thousand dollars.

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A CO-OPERATIVE IN WEST JORDAN

From the files of the Deseret News, information as to the first "Co-op. Store" in Jordan is gleaned.

"We learn through a letter from Brother Thomas Allsop that the citizens of this ward are by no means behind their fellows in this great movement. Meetings have been called, a constitution drawn up, officers elected and a building is being erected. The officers are Bishop A. Gardner, president; Counselor James Turner, vice president; Henry Beckstead, Ensign Stoecking, Samuel Bennion, John Irving and E. H. Cooper, directors; Thomas Allsop, Secretary and Treasurer."

The store was located on the hill adjoining Mary's house. Gardner owned the large majority of the stock and managed it for six years. His son Rawsel hauled wagon loads of supplies from Salt Lake City, and George clerked there for several seasons as did Maggie and Delila. Many of the food supplies for his mills and canal construction camps were obtained through this mart. If a barrel of molasses did not sell readily, it was taken to the mills or camps. One year at stocktaking it was found that Archibald had checked on the store up to two thousand dollars. But he was the chief owner and the chief customer and he always paid his bills. Some time in the spring or early summer of 1875, B. U. Driggs took over the management. Melissa Borlaise clerked there after that.

NEW UNDERTAKINGS

During the winter of 1870, Archibald Gardner accepted a contract for a difficult undertaking, the building of the Utah and Salt Lake Canal. With men and teams he went south to the point of the mountain and began a tunnel to bring water from the Jordan River into a high line canal to water the bench land west of the river. He took his two young wives and two of his girls to cook, Mary with Polly at the Upper, and Betsy with Della at the Lower Camp. Deseret News of January 5, 1870: "Bishop A. Gardner of West Jordan called in yesterday and expressed a wish that we would say something in relation to the tunnel now being constructed at the head of the canal between the end of the Utah Central and Coon's Canyon. The tunnel is to be one hundred thirty rods long, a difficult job. It is progressing well, but more help is required. There are about fifty men now working on it, but two hundred are needed. Landholders with an eye open to the advantages of this project in operation, will find it to their pecuniary interest to lend a helping hand. When finished it will bring under cultivation thirty thousand acres of land, but the completion of the tunnel is indispensable to the success of the enterprise. All owning land in this locality should heed this call and render the necessary help immediately."

A letter by George A. Smith, January, 1870: "Money is said to be very scarce. I have not seen any of it for some time. Archie Gardner and the South Irrigation Canal Company will need some to complete their present project. They are constructing a tunnel for the purpose of bringing their irrigation canal through the point of Utah mountain, one hundred thirty rods in length. They will have to build a dam ten feet high across the Jordan River to raise the water to their tunnel, but it will be built on a rock foundation. This is a great undertaking to irrigate the desert."

Work was continued on the tunnel until the spring of 1871.

Sixty feet thru solid rock, seven feet high and ten wide was completed when the canal companies, lacking the necessary capital, abandoned the project. They agreed to re-imburse their contractor but never did. A. Gardner took the loss—a heavy one.

During that summer his saw mills in Mill Creek were kept humming with the help of his boys and hired men; his wives and daughters doing their part in the culinary line. His four grist mills were busy also. He was general overseer of these different enterprises, so widely separated in area—Mill Creek, Big Cottonwood, Murray, West Jordan, Spanish Fork besides having the duties of bishop to see to. He had no telephone or automobiles to aid him. With the mail service slow and uncertain it was on horseback, or with team that he covered the distance between them, oh so often.

Some time in 1870 Abby was divorced from Charles D. Hawn. They were unable to agree, and she took her two-year-old baby Mary Ann (May) and went to her mother.

The year 1870 marked progress and prosperity for the people of West Jordan. During this summer one of the first smelters in Utah was built by Woodhull Brothers at a point where the Big Cottonwood Creek crosses State Street. The men working there sought board and rooms. Aunt Althea opened her house, and among those who ate at her table was a man named Philip Gauehet. Abby fell in love with him and, against her father's protest, they were married January 1, 1874. It was a source of great sorrow to him to have a child of his marry an "outsider."

In 1871 Archie went out east on the Weber River near Peca in Summit County. Peca is about fifteen miles south of Coalville. He took some of his family with him and they built a saw mill. Most of the lumber from here was hauled to Jordan.

Grasshoppers had presented a problem that vexed the people ever since they first came to the Valleys. Crickets and grasshoppers made such inroads into the crops that farmers became very discouraged at times. Many different schemes were devised for their extermination. The following plan appeared in the Deseret News of May 21, 1870:

"Bishop A. Gardner of West Jordan called in this morning and gave us his plan for killing grasshoppers. It consists of driving a flock of sheep hurriedly over the field. He considers it

more effectual than any other he has seen tried. It is necessary to keep the sheep in a compact herd, and when driven early in the morning on a cool day, when the pests are sluggish and inclined to be still, one or at most two drivings over, will completely clear the field of live grasshoppers. The plan, though new to this country, had been practiced extensively in Australia and we believe it is one generally adopted there for annihilating these insects. Brother Gardner thinks that with a flock of sixteen hundred sheep they killed ten acres of grasshoppers this morning in about two hours." Aunt Della remembered as a girl going out with other youngsters on divers occasions and driving sheep across sundry fields to kill the pests.

At a mass meeting of citizens, held in the Tabernacle of Salt Lake City, July 16, 1870, speeches and nominations for a delegate from Utah Territory to Congress were made. The Hon. William H. Hopper was unanimously chosen. Afterwards a committee of thirteen were selected to ascertain the office to be filled at the next general election and report same to meeting. It consisted of the following gentlemen: D. H. Wells, George Q. Cannon, John Sharp, Robert T. Burton, Elias Smith, Joseph F. Smith, B. Young, Jr., Reuben Miller, Isaac M. Stewart, Archibald Gardner, Andrew Cahood, Hosea Stout, and A. C. Pypcr.

After this time Gardner sold his Battle Creek and Cottonwood grist mills, and Aunt Jane with her family moved to West Jordan.

In March, 1872, he took a contract to put in a dam in the Jordan River at the point of the mountain south. It was a substitute for the tunnel of two years previous and was known as the Big Dam. It heads all canals through which the waters of the Jordan are diverted at that point. With men and teams and accompanied by his wife Mary and daughter Della, he camped at the Narrows. Work progressed that spring. In conjunction with this labor he put part of his outfits to digging the canals for the Utah and Salt Lake Canal Co., and the South Jordan Canal Co.

During the summer the saw mill on the Weber was kept humming, and Aunt Jane and daughter Ann went there with him to cook for the men. His wife Betsy became dissatisfied and left, entrusting her little son William Henry to Margaret's tender care. She afterward married a man by the name of Hall and

raised two sons.

In the fall of 1872 Albert Smith, Maggie's husband, got into a cattle-stealing scrape and left for parts unknown. Poor Maggie, deserted and heartbroken, came home to her father and mother, bringing her two little boys, Allie, aged three, and Archie, a babe of five months, with her. Bravely she struggled to support herself and children.

During the autumn of '72 the railroad to Bingham Canyon was completed. It ran through Gardner's field and right past Aunt Margaret's front door. It killed every chicken, pig, or dog that unluckily got in its way. One of the latter was on the track over the stream near the house one day. The train came along; the dog dropped thru the guards, but his tail flew up. It was slit from end to end, and when he fell into the water he had two tails (was di-tailed.) Otherwise he was all right. The coming of the Bingham Railroad made a difference in the labor status of the Gardner boys. They were equipped with drivers and outfits, freighting ore from the Bingham mines to the smelters at Midvale. The railroad changed all this, and other avenues had to be found for the hired men and equipment.

On January 20, 1873, another Gardner double wedding was solemnized in the Endowment House. Margaret's daughter Rachel became the bride of John W. Irving, and Aunt Jane's daughter Ann united in marriage with Samuel W. Egbert. The families of these young people were all old settlers of West Jordan and close friends of the Gardners. A reception at the home of the brides' parents was followed by a grand ball in the evening.

A tragic accident happened in August of this year. Little four-year-old Willie, Betsy's boy, a pet of the family and loved by all, was playing in the road with other little boys near the Jordan Mill. He was run over by a heavily-loaded wagon and died a short time later. His father was working at the saw mill in Mill Creek at the time, and the news of his death was a severe blow to him and to Aunt Margaret who had had him in charge.

When "Big Lizz" deserted the Gardner hearthstone, she also left the four children of Mary Ann whom she had cared for: Rawsel, Polly, Rebecca, and Robert. They went to live with Aunt Margaret and their grandmother, Aunt Abby. Aunt Mary had moved previously to the house on the hill, and Aunt Althea now occupied Lizzie's house.

THE GALENA CANAL

In May of '74 the Galena Smelting Co. commenced roasting ores in full blast preparatory to putting in their smelting furnaces. Preparations were being made at the Sheridan Hill Smelting Works for the building of a new reverberatory furnace. Carson and Buzzo built the furnace stack. All other furnaces were in active operation, and bullion was being turned out by the earload daily. These smelters were all on the east side of the Jordan River and gave the men of West Jordan much employment. At one time over three hundred men worked there. The last of these smelters, however, closed down in 1882. A. Gardner in '78 took a contract to construct a canal on the east side of the river for the smelting company of Carson and Buzzo. J. Fewson Smith, Sr., was surveyor. It was known as the Galena Canal. He set up a large steam mill in Butterfield Canyon, the one north of Bingham Canyon. Timbers were procured and lumber sawed at this mill for flumes and gates. The Galena Canal is ten miles in length. Taken out of the Jordan River east and a little north of Bluffdale, Salt Lake County, it skirts the bluffs on the east side of the river and ends a little beyond where its flume crosses the Midvale road at the cut. There being so many washes and swales, it was necessary to build six different flumes from ten to one hundred feet in length. These are about eight feet wide and four feet deep and made of green red pine. By the time the canal was ready for use, the lumber had shrunk so much that the cracks had to be calked in all the flumes from one end to the other. Burlap and rope were used for this and added materially to cost of construction. Cutting through projecting bluffs, the workmen ran into so much seepage water and mud that horses proved useless for plowing and scraping. Oxen were secured from American Fork and Pleasant Grove. These often worked in muck up to their bellies. They were managed from the banks, but in some places the canal was so miry that long chains had to be fastened to the plow or scraper and the men holding fast the handles were forced to wallow in up to their waists. The canal

is about eight feet wide with a bank averaging four feet high. Some of the cuts are ten feet deep, and it was in these that seepage was greatest. To puddle and water-proof the bottom of the canal, the cattle were driven back and forth through it. Nels Heiselt, A. Gardner's step-father-in-law, had charge of the men and oxen. During the time the canal was being built, the store at West Jordan did four times its ordinary business. George was secretary and treasurer for his father, and the workmen were paid off at the store. The weekly payroll was around \$1500.00. When pay-day arrived, bags of gold and silver were brought in and stacked in piles of fifty and one hundred dollars. The money almost covered the surface of a sturdy, good-sized table. The estimated cost of digging the ditch was thirty-five thousand dollars.

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MORE ABOUT MILLS

In the spring of 1875 Gardner moved his big steam saw mill from Harker to Little Cottonwood Canyon. He also bought a steam saw mill from Thomas Taylor which he moved from Tooele to the Little Cottonwood. The summer of '75 was another busy one. A large force of men were employed, among them his two sons, Rawsel and Archie. Polly, his daughter, and Fanny were the cooks.

Reuben was the sawyer in Mill Creek. Joseph and Robert, thirteen and fifteen years respectively, assisted him. Delila and Rebecca prepared the meals. For a number of years he employed his brother William's sons, Neil, Brigham, and Heber in the canyons. They ran the saw, drove oxen, logged, or did any other labor at hand.

It was this year that the Woolen Factory just under the hill and north of the store was built by a company of West Jordan and Taylorsville people. John Nerton first managed it. Later James May, father of Ruth May Fox, was its superintendent. He had previously run a factory for President Young. He brought experienced hands with him. They wove cloth and made stocking yarn. Also this year Fredrick A. Cooper, for many years Gardner's miller, went into merchandising. He built a large brick house on the east side of the river and moved his family into it. He sold his adobe house, just north of Aunt Margaret's, to Archie for Aunt Jane, and she occupied it that fall.

By 1876 Gardner had quit Mill Creek Canyon. His seat of operations was in Little Cottonwood. The steam saw mill bought from Thomas Taylor was in White Pine Gulch, and the big steam saw mill was located at Tannersville in the main canyon. Logs for it were cut in Red Pine Gulch, transferred via a rollway and "snaked" by oxen to the mill. During the summer the men and oxen were busy getting out logs. The big mill in the main canyon did not saw until late autumn, but the one in White Pine ran all

the season. This summer Reuben developed a very bad felon and nearly lost his right hand but escaped with a stiff index finger which bothered him the rest of his life.

Archie, Althea's son, was not very well early in the year and remained in the valley. Later he hauled a saw mill from Little Cottonwood that his father had bought from Wooley, and it was set up in Big Cottonwood near Knudson's and run by Neil, his cousin.

Gardner took a contract to furnish the lumber for six miles of snow sheds to cover a tramway from Alta to Wasatch (the full length of the canyon). He was doing a big business in the fall and early winter of '76. Many men were employed at both mills. His son Neil was sawyer at Tannersville and Archie, a splendid boy of eighteen, was hauling lumber from White Pine to Tannersville. Monday morning, December 4, 1876, dawned keen and crisp. Archie and Heber Clark of Pleasant Grove, a hired man, went early to get their load of lumber at White Pine. The snow crackled under foot; fingers and toes tingled with the cold. Smoke coming from the chimney suggested warmth and comfort inside. The mill was old and running at full blast. The young fellows stepped inside to warm up. The door was barely closed when the boiler exploded. The blast was terrific. Archie was blown two hundred yards down the canyon and killed instantly. Heber Clark had one of his legs broken and was badly scalded. Rushed to a hospital in Salt Lake City, his leg was amputated. In time he recovered. No one else was injured.

This unexpected tragedy was a terrible blow to the family. Ten days later Aunt Althea, Archie's mother, gave birth to a premature baby boy, Perry Wilburn, the last of her eleven children. Death claimed him at fifteen months.

Sorrow weighed down Archie's soul; adversity dogged his footsteps. Difficulties and litigations resulting from the explosion involved him in so much debt that he was brought to almost utter ruin. Heber Clark sued for damages sustained in the unfortunate accident. Almost undone by the disaster, he finally compromised the case for fifteen hundred dollars.

"One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
So fast they follow."

Shakespeare.

On March 15, 1877, Althea's lovely fourteen-year-old daughter Laura died after a week's illness. She was stricken with what was thought to be brain fever. An unusually bright girl, she always headed her classes at school. Her death was a sorrow hard to bear. A ray of light came into this dark picture. James H., now eighteen, and six feet two, came to his half-sister's funeral. Almost a stranger to the family, he made the acquaintance of his father, brothers, and sisters and liked them so well that he decided to come to Jordan to live.

Polly was married April 30, 1877, to Edmund Bacon at Aunt Margaret's by her father, but not with his approval. None but Temple marriages called forth his blessing. The young couple made their home in Pleasant Grove.

The summer of '77 the Gardner boys and girls were as usual employed at the mills in Cottonwood. Neil, Archibald's eldest son, and Duncan, William's son, went on six-month missions to Canada.

On Christmas day Aunt Margaret received an unusual gift—a sweet little girl of six. Milo Andrus and his wife had separated. Their eldest daughter Helena was married and lived on Cottonwood. She had a family of small children, was in poor circumstances, but took Carrie and Willie to live with her. The mother, Emma, worked about, as did the second daughter, whenever they could. Helena felt the burden of two extra children and decided to part with them. So she gave Carrie to Aunt Margaret and afterwards, Willie to William and Martha Dowding, the childless couple whose only boy was drowned in the mill race ten years before. Willie now had a good home. Carrie took a daughter's place in the Gardner domicile.

After the explosion in White Pine Gulch, the part of the mill not destroyed was moved down the canyon, repaired, and a water wheel attached. It was operated for a number of years. Then a snowslide took it away. At the same time the steam mill at Tannersville and the shingle mill were moved to Red Pine Canyon about three miles distant. A. Gardner built three saw mills in all in Little Cottonwood Canyon, and one shingle mill.

In 1877 he tore down the old mill at West Jordan and built, on a rock foundation, a better and more modern one in its place.

The following year he moved the machinery and frame-

work of the old Jordan Flour Mill to Camp Floyd, now Fairfield, and rebuilt it. He with Neil and Henry did the moving, and his wife Mary and daughter Serena cooked for the men while it was being set up. Archibald had rented part of the Carson Hotel in Fairfield to house his family. They had one bedroom, a large dining room and a kitchen. It was late fall, and cold weather, but "Rena," with the little boys, Bruce, five, and three-year-old Clarence, slept in a bed on the floor. Rena was eighteen at this time, and her father paid her two dollars a week which she was happy to receive. The old framework of this mill is still standing, and by examining it one can get a good idea of how the early mills were constructed. The beams and braces are all morticed in place and secured with wooden pegs. It still stands on the stream that flows from the big spring which supplied Johnston's Army when it was stationed there in pre-Civil War days. Rawsel was the miller. Perhaps the most important thing he did while running the mill was to court and marry on September 2, 1880, a little Fairfield maiden, Sophy Beesinger. The young couple continued to make their home there for a time.

Aunt Abbie had grown very fleshy, so much so that she was hardly able to get around. She could cache her thimble and spool of thread in the rolling folds of flesh at her waist and there they would remain in safety until she removed them. She was a great story teller and took delight in relating to the children tales of witches and fairies. She suffered severely for a number of years with cancer of the breast. After being operated on, it ceased to trouble her. The last nine years of her life were spent with Aunt Margaret. She died January 16, 1879, in her sixty-sixth year, not of cancer but from excessive fat around her heart.

Sometime in 1880 Gardner moved Aunt Althea and family to Taylorsville and built a grist mill there. About this time he sold his flour mill at West Jordan to Jonas Erickson.

On January 12, 1880, his eldest brother, William, died at his home in Cottonwood. He was nearly seventy-seven years old and had been in poor health a long time. He left his wife, Aunt Janet, five sons, and two daughters in Utah and one son, William, in Canada.

WEST JORDAN WARD DIVIDED

With the water from Utah Lake onto the bench lands, farms and farmers increased. With the Bingham Mines opening up and the smelters employing so many workers, the population of West Jordan had increased until it was necessary to divide the ward. This was done June 17, 1877, in the West Jordan Ward House at a special meeting. Only the middle part was retained and organized under the original name with Archibald Gardner as bishop and James Turner and John Hill counselors. In February, 1878, the Y. L. M. I. A. was organized at West Jordan with Delila, Archibald's daughter, as president. She continued in this position until March, 1900.

On December 9, 1830, James H. Gardner was called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands and left December 14. He filled an honorable mission--three years, four and a half months. While there he learned the business of sugar boiling, a knowledge of which later proved extremely valuable to him.

That winter Bishop Gardner hired carpenters and remodeled and repaired the ward house and put in a gallery.

IN THE LEGISLATURE

Archibald Gardner served two terms in the territorial legislature, in 1878 and again in 1880.

Each term he was a member of three committees, namely:

1. "On Roads, Bridges, Ferries and Canyons".
2. "On Agriculture, Trade, and Manufacture".
3. "On Irrigation and Canals."

In 1878 the other members of the committees on which he served were as follows:

"On Roads, Bridges," etc., Joel Grover, Joseph Birch, Francis Webster, George R. Warren.

"On Agriculture, Trade," John Brown, John Fisher, Canute Petersen, Samuel Atwood.

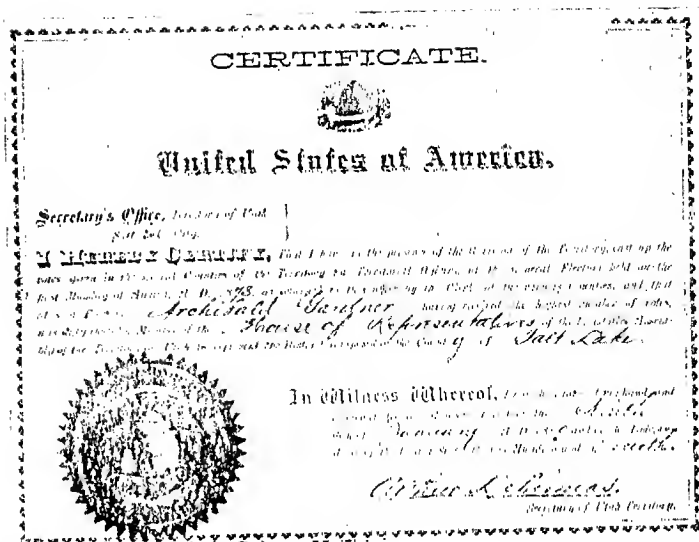
"On Irrigation and Canals," Joel Grover, John Fisher, Franklin Spencer, Francis Webster.

In 1880 the other committee members were:

"On Roads, Bridges," etc., Joel Grover, William H. Winn, Daniel Thompson, Canute Peterson.

"On Agriculture, Trade," etc, Jesse N. Smith, Canute Peterson, John Fisher, Samuel Francis, William H. Winn.

"On Irrigation and Canals," Joel Grover, Charles W. Penrose, Samuel Francis, Joseph S. Horne, Oliver G. Snow.



Certificate of membership of Archibald Gardner to the House of Representatives of the Legislature of the Territory of Utah to represent the District composed of the County of Salt Lake. General election was held on the first Monday of August A. D. 1878. Certificate was issued on the ninth of January A. D. 1880.

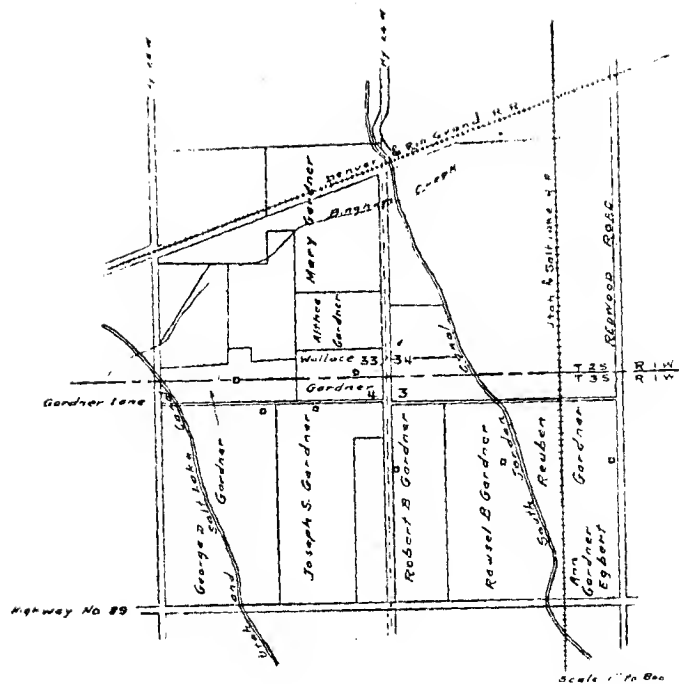
MORE FAMILY AFFAIRS

Gardner operated his saw mills in Little Cottonwood Canyon in 1881. Reuben, Joseph, and Robert looked after the business, and Delila and Sada Maxfield cooked for the men in Red Pine Gulch. The saw mill in White Pine turned out lumber which was hauled to the valley, but late in the fall he moved the big steam saw mill to the foothills east of Draper and called it the "Last Chance." Here it continued in operation two years when he sold it. The year 1881 almost ended his labors in Cottonwood Canyon.

That year Aunt Serena at Spanish Fork saw two of her children enter matrimony; Serena married Alma Andrus, and they made their home with his mother, Lucy Andrus, for years a very capable and successful hotel proprietress. Henry married Elizabeth Martell, in the St. George Temple, and they moved into his new brick home which he and Nell had built on the "bench". Elizabeth's mother had died but a short time previously, leaving a large family. The baby girl, Mary Ellen, the young couple took and raised to womanhood as their own.

During the summer of '82 Archibald installed a water-power saw mill in American Fork Canyon. Reuben was sawyer until it was well under way. He then came home to farm, and Robert took charge and ran it that summer. The canals were now completed on the bench, and Gardner owned a great deal of land under them.

The Edmund Tucker Law was passed in 1882. The persecution against the polygamists was on. Archie thought he had better get his affairs straightened up, so he divided his land among his wives and older boys. Reuben's plot extended from Redwood Road to the South Jordan Canal and between the Gardner lane on the north to his mother's on the south. She owned fourteen acres which was bounded on the south by the Sandy Road. Rawsel's farm lay west of the South Jordan Canal; Robert's bordered Rawsel's on the west; Joseph's was above Robert's, and George's,



Map showing land of Archibald Gardner and division of same among his wives and children.

west of Joseph's and extended to the Utah and Salt Lake Canal. North of Joseph's was Aunt Althea's farm, and farther over to the north was Aunt Mary's.

On November 29, 1883, Serena's youngest daughter, Annie, was married to Joseph Francis of Lake Shore, Utah County. He owned a farm on which they settled.

February 24, 1884, Rachel's son, John Clyde, died. Aunt Margaret was at Rachel's during his illness and suffered at that time a slight stroke of paralysis.

Maggie, after having been deserted by her husband, had taken her two small children and gone home to her mother to live. To support herself and two boys she clerked in the store and taught school. She was capable in whatever she undertook to do. A faithful Church worker, she taught in Sunday School and was a Relief Society visiting teacher for many years. In September of 1883 she became ill with a cold which developed into consumption. She died the following March, leaving Albert, aged fourteen, and Archibald, twelve years old. She was buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery. The weather and roads were so bad at the time that the funeral had to go on the train. Arrangements for same were made by Brother Jesse W. Fox, Sr., to whom she was sealed. She was thirty-six years, five and one-half months old. The boys went to live with their Grandmother Margaret, and Delilah.

In March of this year, Archibald went to the St. George Temple and did the work for his children who were dead. This Temple was the first one completed in Utah.

In the fall Sidney Savage deserted Lovina and his three children, William, Hattie, and Leo, a baby a few months old. He left them destitute at Snydersville, about four miles northwest of Park City. She wrote to her father for help, and Reuben and Delila went out and moved them to West Jordan. They lived in the factory house, and her father supported her. Lovina obtained a divorce from Sidney Savage for desertion. He disappeared completely, and the family never knew what became of him. Sometime in the early spring of '85 she became the plural wife of Levi Naylor. The date was kept secret because of persecution. Spies were everywhere trying to secure evidence against them.

Archibald assisted Rawsel to construct a home on his farm.

Rawsel and family were living at Lehi, and he and Robert ran the saw mill in American Fork Canyon. Previous to this time Gardner had sold his big steam saw mill to Jensen and Smith of Draper. Persecution of polygamists was getting more severe. His property in Little Cottonwood was disposed of, and he practically quit the lumber business in Salt Lake County.

On June 2, 1885, Neil went on a mission to the Southern States, laboring in Georgia among people very prejudiced against the Mormons. He was one of the first missionaries to enter the district where Elder Berry was murdered. The air was thick with the spirit of mobocracy. He fulfilled an honorable mission.

December 4, 1885, John W. Irving, Rachael's husband, died of consumption. He had been in poor health for a number of years. His brother William and sister Sarah, Duncan's wife, had previously died of the same disease. He left Rachael, with five children, to mourn a considerate husband, a kind father, and good provider.

Polly, with her husband, Edmund Bacon, and four children were living at Georgetown, Bear Lake County, Idaho. It was a cold country. They were in poor circumstances. Edmund had done what he could to make a living but was now working for wages. Polly was always a great home girl and had been down only once on a visit since they moved north in the spring of 1880. She had contracted a severe cold and had not been able to shake it. She was ill and wanted to come home. She wrote her folks. They told her to come. Aunt Margaret had never been well since she had the stroke at Rachael's. She was gradually becoming helpless. It was deemed wisest for Polly to go to her sisters. At Lizzie Turner's, kind hands administered to Polly's comfort, but it seemed her time had come. She was taken to Beeky's, but all efforts to help were in vain. On April 24, 1887, she passed away, leaving her homeless family. Her husband took Delos and Delila, the two eldest, back to Georgetown during the summer but gave the baby, Clara Olive, to Aunt Delila to raise. Afterwards he brought the children back, and little Delila was taken by Aunt Jane so that the little sisters could be together. Archie went to live with his Aunt Lizzie Turner. Delos stayed with his father, which was his mother's dying request. Polly was greatly mourned. She was only twenty-nine years, six months, and twenty-two days old.

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PERSECUTION

In the spring of 1887 Aunt Mary moved into her new house on the farm. Her family consisted of five boys and little Lillian. The fight against polygamy was on in dead earnest now. It was a sad time for the Mormon people. Deputy marshals were making raids everywhere. Archie, among many others, was "on the underground." His family were in constant fear that he would be caught and sent to the "pen". It was hard to scare him or get him to heed warnings to be careful. He had harmed no man. His entire life had been to benefit mankind.

"But the Edmunds-Tucker Law came out and I was a polygamist. I dreaded going to prison so I went to Mexico but was glad to come back. My business was all going to wreck, and I felt in duty bound to see that my plural wives were supported and protected the same as my first wife. The children of my plural wives are as dear to me as Margaret's and are equally as virtuous. Death or life, we polygamists will support and provide for our loved ones. They took us in good faith when there was no law in the land against plural marriage, and we will not fail them now."

Accompanying him to Old Mexico were his counselors, James Turner and John Hill, and another dear friend, James Glover, all among the hunted. They left on February 8, 1886. Reuben, Robert, and James H. drove them by team as far as Spanish Fork. His son Henry gave him \$100 to help him on his way. They made the rest of the journey by rail to Mexico, remaining there until some time in the summer. As he said: "I stayed but a few months as I did not like the ways of the Mexican government officials and the thieves were far too plentiful. Glad I was to return." They came back via California. He still had to hide, so in August he went to Pine Valley, southern Utah, and visited with his brother Robert. The people there were very kind to him, and he was safe among the mountains, but he longed to be home with his "ain folks". While in Pine Valley he passed

his seventy-second birthday. He had always thought he was born August 31, 1815, but when Reuben, Robert's son, was on a mission in Scotland, he found in the old church records the date of his uncle Archibald's birth which was September 2, 1814. The good people of Pine Valley made a surprise party on his birthday to cheer his lonely heart. One of the group, a Brother Bennett, composed and read a poem written for the occasion. Two of the verses are as follows:

"You've a conscience clear as the noonday sun.
There's no one wronged by what you've done.
The gospel plan, you've tried to show
And save mankind from grief and woe.

"But all benefactors of our race
As far as history can trace
Have been rewarded for their pains
In stripes, in dungeons or in chains."

While he was away, Aunt Jane, Reuben, Della, and Lovina were brought before the grand jury. Their houses were searched many times by deputy marshals who were everywhere about. Hyrum Goff and several of his best friends served time in the penitentiary for polygamy. When Archibald was home, he had numerous narrow escapes from being arrested. Once he was under the Bingham Ditch bridge when the marshals passed over it going to Mary's to hunt for him.

On December 15, 1886, Syrenus married Josephine Hanson, of Spanish Fork, and they made their home near his brother Henry. Afterwards he sold this place and bought a house and lot across the street from Neil's.

Neil, Henry, Syrenus, and Erastus had farms on the bench east of Spanish Fork, adjoining the Canyon State Road.

On October 15, 1886, James H. married Rhoda Huffaker, of Peoa, Summit County. The ceremony was performed in the Logan Temple. She is a sister to Jean, George's wife. Her mother being dead, she was reared by her grandmother, Retta Palmer, at Peoa. Their wedding reception was held at Aunt Althea's. The first winter they lived in the Factory House, and her grandmother was with them.

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ANOTHER CANAL

Archibald Gardner had foresight and interest in any project for the good of his fellows. About the year 1887 he called in a group of men, including Thomas P. Page, Hyrum Goff, Byron Beckstead, Charles D. Hawn, and others, and they formed what was known as the Hydraulic Canal Co., with Archibald Gardner as president. Jesse Fox, one of the oldest surveyors of Utah, was engaged to survey a canal from the head of Weber River over to the source of the Provo. The company did some work on the dam and canal. Through lack of finances and the stress of the times the project was abandoned. Years later the Provo Reservoir Co. was organized. The Jesse Fox survey was accepted, a canal dug, and a dam put in exactly as located by the pioneer surveyor. They are now in use and have been for many years. Recently the Deer Creek Project, inaugurated by the Government, has accepted them. The canal is being widened to increase its capacity.

The mill business again beckoned him. He, with "Brig", James H., and Joseph bought a circle saw mill, water power, already in place on a stream in a canyon near Woodruff, Utah. Brigham, James H. and Rhoda went out the first summer, the men to work at the mill and Rhoda to cook for them. In the fall of 1887 James H. and Rhoda came back to Jordan. The mill was moved upon the hill, and steam power attached during the spring of '88 where it ran during that summer. The mill was purchased from a man named Walton who gave them information about Star Valley, Wyoming.

Henry, Serena's son, departed for a mission to the southern states, November 4, 1888. His field of labor was Alabama. He was gone two years and filled an honorable mission.

A very welcome letter from his father was received by Henry during the early days of his mission. It portrays the father's interest in his son and the cause he represented:

"Spanish Fork City, January 11, 1889.

"Henry, my Son:

"I thought while here at Neil's I would write you a few lines. I arrived yesterday and expect to remain a week, then go to Pine Valley. The deputy marshals searched Mary's house for me a few days ago—the first time in over two years.

"I thought I would visit around among my relatives before it is time to go back to Woodruff in the spring.

"I am well as were the folks at Jordan when I left and all are well here. I have just come down from your home. Little Henry Archibald is heavy and robust. Your wife is so happy that he has completely recovered his health.

"You are on an important mission, both for yourself and for the people to whom you are sent. Being your first it is perhaps the hardest trial you will ever be called to pass through. You need the favor of God and the light and comfort of His Holy Spirit to give you strength to accomplish a good work. You will gain an experience that will be for your good in this life and will shine as a star in your crown in the world to come.

"To lead others into the true path to salvation will merit their gratitude and bring comfort to your soul hereafter. You have our prayers for your welfare and we want yours in return. May God preserve you and bring you back to your loved ones.

From your father,

A. Gardner."

December 19, 1888, Robert married, in the Logan Temple, Carrie Andrus, the young adopted daughter of Aunt Margaret. A reception was tendered them on the twenty-first. She and Robert were a very devoted couple. Robert had suffered a great deal with his hip and was in poor health at the time of his marriage. He underwent an operation soon afterward.

In the summer of 1888 Archibald and son Reuben commenced construction of a substantial brick house on Reuben's land on the Redwood Road. It was to be a home for all the family who were living then in the abode by the mill: Aunt Margaret, Aunt Jane, Reuben, Delila, Albert, and Artie Smith, Delila, and Clara

O. Bacon. Reuben supervised the work, and it was completed and the family moved into it in April, 1889. At that time Aunt Margaret was very helpless and could not get around without assistance. Her speech was so affected she could scarcely be understood. Artie Smith was also in very poor health. He had suffered with inflammatory rheumatism since a small boy. His heart and kidneys were affected.

And now more trouble came for the Gardners. Sarah and her husband, Charles D. Hawn, owned a good farm on the bench, a comfortable brick home, lawns, shrubs, flowers, and an orchard. They were both flower lovers and had worked together until they had a beautiful place. When Sarah first moved to the farm, she lived in a stable, then in a small log house, and finally they built the brick home. But financial reverses came to them. Charley bought sheep, became involved in debt, mortgaged the farm and home, and lost everything. The folks, her mother and sister Delila and the rest—were occupying the new home, so Charley moved his wife and family to the old one by the mill. Her baby was young, and her heart was broken over the losses. She took sick and died August 23, 1889, but a few weeks after the move. Katie, an infant, was but five weeks old. Rachael took her to bring up; but a sad, lonely family went back to the old place.

At the time of Sarah's death Robert became worse and was taken to the Holy Cross Hospital and operated on by Dr. Pinkerton. It was a very serious operation, and not much hopes were held out for his recovery. While still very low, his father-in-law, Milo Andrus, came to see him. He was a patriarch and gave him a blessing in which he promised that he would get well and be the father of a family. Robert rallied slowly, and as soon as possible he was brought to Aunt Jane's so that Reuben could dress his wounds. He had two tubes entirely through each hip. He and Carrie stayed until he was able to get around on crutches when they went to their own home. In time he became entirely well.

STAR VALLEY

The persecution of polygamists continued. Archibald was not safe at home, so in the fall of 1839, after having finished sawing for the summer at Woodruff, Utah, accompanied by Brigham L. he went to Gentile Valley, Idaho, to prospect for millsites and farm land. He had two saw mills at Woodruff which he wished to locate where he could turn out lumber and still be safe from arrest while operating them. He was not favorably impressed with Gentile Valley. Star Valley was being settled by Latter-day Saints, and he decided to look over that location. He arrived early in October, contacted Bishop C. D. Cazier of Afton and explained the object of his visit. Star, or Upper Salt River Valley, at that time was very sparsely settled. Elder Moses Thatcher and Bishop Wm. B. Preston explored it in the fall of 1877 and were highly pleased with its appearance. They came in from Bear Lake and found neither trapper nor settler in the basin. A large number of Shoshone Indian wickiups, built of willows, were in sight, but no Indians. Elder Brigham Young, Jr., dedicated the valley by prayer as a gathering place for the Saints, August 29, 1878. It was entirely uninhabited then. Three or four families straggled in in 1879 and a few more in 1880. That fall Elders C. C. Rich, Moses Thatcher, Wm. B. Preston, and others came again to the locality. Elder Thatcher advised the settlers to locate on the present site of Afton, set Charles D. Cazier apart to preside over the branch, then organized and named it Star Valley. He said it was a star among valleys. The members of this party printed a glowing account of this region in the Logan "Leader" of September, 1880.

"The valley is from four to six miles wide by twenty one miles long and in general contour resembles Cache Valley. It is quite as well watered on the east side and better on the west than Cache. Timber is abundant and convenient, and thousands of tons of hay may be cut on the open prairie. Wild currants, gooseberries and strawberries abound, the two latter fruits being

of excellent quality. Present population consists of seven families organized into a branch of the church. The residents say there has been frost every month this year. The same may also be said of Cache this season. Stock withstood the cold weather much better in Salt River Valley last winter than they did in Cache and on the whole there seems to be but little difference in the climate of the two. With abundant water, grass and timber and extremely fertile soil, this area offers many inducements to settlers."

About nine families spent the winter of '80 and '81 in the district now included in Auburn Ward, but during the season following nearly all the settlers left. It was 1888 that the first mail service commenced in the valley. Afton post office was opened when Wm. H. Cazier, postmaster, and a regular mail route was established to Montpelier. Prior to this, when snow lay deep, mail was carried over the mountains by stalwarts on snow shoes, and the people were glad to pay five cents for every paper or letter brought them.

Moses Thatcher gives additional data on Star Valley:

"It is forty miles northeast of Montpelier, easy of access and well watered. Stump, Crow and Afton Creeks are feeders to the main Salt River. Soil is excellent, much of which produces blue grass. The hills which are extensive on the west, afford excellent grazing. Timber is abundant, easily obtained and of good quality. Fish and game abound. Salt springs are numerous affording, with slight labor, the best quality of salt.

"The valley and surroundings, present the loveliest of scenery. Altitude is six thousand feet. Winters are correspondingly cold but not windy as the valley is well protected by surrounding mountains. No more desirable location for happy and prosperous homes can be found in this region."

The foregoing letter, published in the official organ of the Church, directed the attention of many home-seekers to that locality, and the year 1885 witnessed the actual settlement of both valleys, Star Valley proper and along the lower Salt River. Among those who resettled this domain in 1885 were a number of brethren and their families who had fled from Utah because of the anti-polygamy crusade rampant there. At this time a meeting house thirty-four by twenty feet was built of logs, and August 16, 1886,

Charles D. Cazier was recalled from Bear Lake to preside as bishop over Afton Ward.

March 27, 1888, a district school flourished and one hundred four pupils enrolled during the winter. May 11, 1889, fifty families were in the valley and more coming every day. So to Afton, Archibald Gardner went in '89, in his seventy-sixth year, to help pioneer a new country. By this time the little hamlet had grown to sixty-one families. Bishop Cazier directed Gardner to the mouth of Swift Creek which flows through the town. After inspection he found conditions to his liking and decided to commence operations immediately. A grist mill was a sore need of the settlers as the nearest was fifty miles over a rough mountain road. Prior to this, there had been but one saw mill in the two valleys, with the exception of an "up and down" affair which ran a short time and turned out a few thousand feet. The news that a saw and grist mill were to be established in their community was received with gladness, and labor was on hand to push the building of races, dams, structures, etc., to completion. A group of men assembled ready for work. Gardner put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a five-dollar piece saying, "This is all the cash I have to begin with but if you people will help me, I will pay you back every cent and the mill will be ready to turn flour out for you by Christmas." Every man was willing to trust him. The race, between a quarter and a half mile in length, was begun. Teams were sent to the canyon for logs. Round timbers were used almost exclusively. When the work was well under way, he sent to Woodruff for the water mill, purchased from Sam Watson, which he acquired while he had the steam mill there. He went with men and teams to Laketown, Utah, to get the small flour mill he had purchased of a Brother Hodges of that place. The work progressed nicely, and by the time designated, flour was ground. The saw mill was completed about the same time. Sylvester Low, formerly of Cache Valley, ran the grist mill and was Gardner's bookkeeper for about a year when Archie's son-in-law, Brigham, took charge of both saw and grist mill. Estimated work done that season, including purchases, were from eighteen hundred to two thousand dollars. As soon as it was decided to build the mill, "Brig" left for Woodruff to move his family to Afton. For several weeks Gardner boarded with a Mrs. Catherine Carpenter, sleeping in a garret of the house which was quite open. With insufficient bedding he suf-

fered from exposure, and his health was impaired at that time and for some time afterward.

Living quarters were constructed in the mill, and when completed, Brig and family moved in, and he lived with them. Notwithstanding what he had suffered before, he was during this time active in and out of water, working and walking in all kinds of weather.

When the mills were running smoothly, he turned his attention to the needs of the people. Upon investigation, he found that provisions in the valley were scarce, and there was danger of snow blockading the road to Montpelier, the nearest point of supply. The residents would suffer from hunger the coming winter if something was not done. He journeyed to Salt Lake City, waited upon President Woodruff and laid before him the situation. This was in the spring of 1890. He was given five hundred dollars to purchase food. After a very short visit with his family at Jordan he returned, stopping at Montpelier, Idaho, where he procured wheat, flour, and corn. This was brought in before the snow became too deep to travel. Had it not been for his foresight, many would have suffered greatly before spring. The previous winter had been mild, with but little snow, and the settlers looked for another like it. Instead, it was just the opposite, very cold, much snow, and impossible to get over the mountains except on snowshoes. Hundreds of cattle starved to death. Many people lost even their last milk cow. This was due, of course, to lack of foresight and provision for food and shelter for the animals.

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DIFFICULT TIMES IN THE 90'S

In the fall of 1890 Gardner returned to Salt Lake City and Jordan. President Woodruff counseled him to move Mary and her family to Star Valley. He laid the matter before her, and she finally consented to give up her good new home and comfortable surroundings and go with him. Leaving Jordan by team, the latter part of September of that year, they arrived at Afton, October 1, 1890.

Once during this winter his life was endangered. He and his son Adelbert had been to an adjoining town to purchase a beef. While crossing the Salt River on their return they missed the ford, getting too far down stream. Together, with the horse and buggy, they plunged into a deep hole with a precipitous bank on the opposite side. For some time it looked as if they would all be drowned, but finally the horse caught his front feet on a piece of the bank. Father Gardner managed to keep the buggy right-side-up while Del crept up over the horse's head and dropped off onto the bank. By careful management they crawled out. It was bitter cold, and the distance home about four or five miles. They nearly froze before they got there, but after "thawing out" they were none the worse for the experience.

President Woodruff issued the Manifesto in 1891, and from then on polygamists could come and go without fear of arrest.

In the spring of this year Archibald purchased an additional mill site, a shingle mill and water right. He sold the shingle mill to his son-in-law, William A. Turner, but kept the site. The same season he purchased a planer. This deal cost between five and six hundred dollars. During the following years he purchased two city blocks, consisting of eight lots of two and a-half acres each. These join the old home and mill site and cost several hundred dollars.

During the summer of 1902 teams were sent to Woodruff for the steam saw mill which he set up at Grover, Wyoming, just

four miles north of Afton. His son Robert who had shortly before moved to the valley took over the management of it. After sawing a large amount of lumber at this place, the mill was moved to Auburn, then to Cottonwood, thence to Grover, to Thayne, back to Grover, again to Cottonwood, then sold to Brigham and Osro. At each of these moves, from one to three hundred thousand feet were sawed. The people hauled logs, and when the contracted amount was in the yard, the mill was moved there.

The period since his arrival witnessed an influx of population. The grist mill installed in '89 was not large enough to take care of the wheat raised in the valley. It was small and badly worn, being one of the first used in the country around Bear Lake. During 1902 a new frame building for a grist mill was built, with flumes, penstock, races, and tail races, and Gardner made another trip to Salt Lake Valley. The burr mill that he had built and sold to the Bennions in 1885 at Taylorsville had been replaced by a roller mill. He was able to purchase what he needed—two sets of burrs, complete, and ready to install, some cleaning machinery, smutters, etc. This was shipped by rail to Montpelier in a car he chartered for the purpose. He used the old bolting machinery, elevators, etc., from the mill he was replacing. When he showed his sons the notes he had signed, three hundred dollars to be paid in "gold coin," they stood aghast. To those Gardner boys it looked like a fortune. At that time all circulating medium was store orders. These were handed out in place of cash in all deals. Days, weeks, and months sometimes passed without their seeing coin of any kind, and for their father to promise to pay three hundred dollars in gold! It was unbelievable.

On one occasion a dance was being held in a small workshop. The boys were anxious to go but looked forward with misgivings, as the musicians would not play without cash. Their father made a trip into town and was finally able to get fifty cents, and the boys were happy. Incomes were very meagre. Farmers had few cows, and butter sold for ten cents a pound, store pay. How could three hundred dollars be raised? Unitedly they all worked, early and late, at all kinds of jobs. The Lord blessed their efforts. They paid off this bill and many others. The new building was constructed at a considerable cost, but they were able to turn out lumber, flour, etc., for labor and material. Mary contributed much of the sale price of her place on Jordan to help father with his plans.

It was in August, 1891, that Bishop Cazier chose Gardner for his first counselor. He shrank from accepting the position and made his feelings known but was overruled by the stake officers (Bear Lake Stake then). The bishop stated that although Brother Gardner was getting along in years, (he was seventy-seven) he needed his valuable counsel, and if he would act, the bishop and his second counselor, T. F. Burton, a young man, would do the work. This position he filled faithfully until May, 1894, when the old bishopric was released, and three younger men called to take their places. His son Clarence, eighteen years old, was chosen second counselor in the new bishopric.

Archibald Gardner was released as bishop of the West Jordan Ward, May 31, 1891, having held that position for thirty-two years. That summer he sold the old home by the mill to Charles D. Hawn who afterwards disposed of it to K. Nordberg.

Star Valley now beckoned others of the Gardner family. William and Lizzie Turner went up to see the country with the view of settling. They were gone a few weeks. Upon returning they found their youngest child, Lily Delila, eight years old, very sick with diphtheria. She died soon after their arrival. They sold their farm to George Q. Cannon, and, with all their family, moved to Wyoming that fall. They settled in a little valley (Turnerville, named in their honor) a few miles north of Afton. William bought the shingle mill from his father-in-law and built a saw mill. The family carried on business among themselves. There were few other settlers near.

A great sorrow came to the family in '92. Abby Gardner Gauchet died at Annabel, leaving a loving husband, Philip, and nine children, one a babe sixteen days old. She had taken cold shortly after the birth of the infant and in spite of all care, passed away February 26. She was a kind, loving wife and mother, devoted to her religion and friends. Many mourned her passing. Her daughter, May Hawn Nebeker, had a babe of her own a week old. She took little Archie and cared for him. Philip Gauchet joined the Church after Abigail's death and had the Temple work done.

Times were still difficult as the following letter discloses:

"Afton, Sept. 24, 1893.

"Reuben, my Son,

"I received your welcome letter and was sorry to hear Aunt

Margaret was so afflicted and me so far from her. If she should leave us I do not see how I could get there in time for her funeral.

"It would be almost impossible for me to leave the valley without taking a team as there is no money in this place. I borrowed ten dollars, to get irons from the blacksmith, and five to get screws and nails, and now they are hard up for the cash and I cannot raise it. The stores cannot collect any debts and they have shut down on everybody. There are eleven windows in our new mill. I tried every way to get glass for two of them, one in each story, and cannot. So I concluded to put in factory and it took two dollars and ten cents to fill the bill. I got it from Burton as a great favor, payable in thirty days. We are nearly all barefooted and we cannot see how we will meet winter. I have the Sunday suit I got from 'Sy' of Spanish Fork, but my overalls and those of the boys are pretty nearly gone up. We cannot sell anything to bring in money and the stores will take nothing else.

"But we live in hopes the way will open. I have good health and so have all the rest. But I must work harder than I ever did according to my strength and age. We cannot hire except they take lumber or planing. We have no flour to sell until we thresh our wheat. We had some work done on the mill for debts owed us, in place of cash. So the boys and I have to do the best we can. We started the mill yesterday with one run of burrs. It seems to go off well.

"We expect to finish stacking our little field of grain tomorrow and thresh this week. Our wheat is good but Brig's is not cut yet and I fear it is badly frozen. We have had, during the last three nights, the hardest frost the oldest settlers here have ever seen in September. The weather is beautiful in the day time. The better flour is only two dollars and twenty-five cents for one hundred pounds but there is no money to buy it. W. Turner went to Montpelier to purchase his winter flour. He expected to get it for one dollar and fifty cents per hundred pounds.

"I would have been glad to have seen my nephew William from Canada. The last time I saw him was when his father and mother started on foot to Dalhousie where his grandfather lived, five hundred miles away. He was then just a babe in his father's arms.

"After we get the grain secured we are going to struggle to set up the other run of stones to chop with. A great deal of the grain is poor and not fit for flour but can be used if chopped, for pig feed. We will have to go without potatoes this year as ours were all killed by the early frost. We have our hay for winter, plenty of bread stuff but for clothing and shoes, I don't see yet where they are coming from. There is one thing certain, the majority of the people will be worse off than we are. I feel thankful that my health is so good.

"We are nearer civilization than when we entered Salt Lake valley in '47. We have more food stuff than in '48 when the Lord sent the gulls to kill the crickets, and we are not yet so ragged as we were before '49 when the gold diggers came through and helped us out. Our Father will not forget us now.

"Don't blame Ozro if you should hear he has acted mean in falling in love with a girl here. If he was not fully satisfied with the one in Salt Lake City he better back out rather than after he is married. By all accounts the girl out here is a worthy young woman and good looking enough to eat.

"As far as we know W. Turner's folks and Brig's folks are well.

"I had a notice my taxes are thirty nine dollars and ninety nine cents. I don't see how we will raise the money but 'where there is a will there will be a way.'

"When I received your last letter I felt anxious to start for Jordan. But Brig is not at home and the boys could hardly start grinding for want of experience. No man around here knows anything about a mill. And most of the people are out of flour for want of money to buy from the stores. A good deal of wheat is in the mill. There are still a few spouts to alter and some changes to make with some of the pulleys but we expect to be ready to start grinding by noon to-morrow. We are hoping everything will start off all right but you know at the outset there are always some changes to be made. I will try and come in as soon as possible. So no more at present.

From your father,

A. Gardner"

Aunt Margaret was now nearly seventy-five years old. She had been an invalid, paralyzed for ten years. Her condition had come on gradually. The past six years she had to be cared for like a little babe, lifted about, and fed with a spoon. Della shouldered the main responsibility. It was a happy release when Margaret passed away, September 21, 1893. She was deeply mourned, but the family did not wish her back to her life of suffering. There have been few better women in this world than Aunt Margaret. Gentle and kind to everyone, unmindful of herself, but always thinking and doing for others, she was loved and respected by all of the other wives, her children, and hosts of relatives and friends. She was in very deed a peace maker. Blessed be her memory.

Archibald could not get in to the funeral. It was held in the West Jordan Ward House.

A short letter explains his position.

"Afton, Sept. 25th, '93

"Reuben, Dear Son,

"I received your telegram late yesterday afternoon telling us that Aunt Margaret was dead. It seems she passed away on Thursday the 21st, four days ago. I could not possibly reach there before Tuesday night. The telegram did not say when the funeral would take place but I have no hopes I could be there in time for it and so concluded not to come. But I would come at all hazards if I knew you were putting it off until I arrived. That I suppose would not be practical or wise.

"She did not seem to recognize me when last we parted but I expect to meet her soon and I am sure she will know me then. We feel thankful she is past all suffering and is now at rest.

Your father,

A. Gardner."

She was buried in the family plot in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

Uncle Willie's son William, from Sarnia, Canada, visited the folks at West Jordan. He was a very fine man and enjoyed

being with his relatives. He was present at Aunt Margaret's funeral.

On November 8 of that year Ozro married the young lady, Emma Michalson, of Thayne, Wyoming, in the Salt Lake Temple. That winter they lived with Aunt Althea at Jordan but in June went back to Star Valley, built a house on his farm, and settled there permanently. May 23, 1894, A. Bruce, Mary's son, married Elizabeth Baxter of Afton. President George Osmond performed the ceremony as they could not go to the Temple, owing to high water in the mountain streams. They went to live at the Steam Saw Mill, Bruce running it and Elizabeth cooking for the mill hands. In September of that year their marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple.

Ann and her husband, Samuel W. Egbert, had moved to Gentile Valley, Idaho, (now Grace) in 1890. They pioneered that country. In July of '95 a group of relatives—Ann's mother, Aunt Jane, Reuben, Delila, Rachael, and Melissa Borlaise took a trip in a white-top to Star Valley. They went by way of Grace and persuaded Sam, Ann, and baby Melvin to accompany them. They found their father well and delighted to see them. He was busy with his mills as usual and was feeding a large herd of hogs. They visited the folks at Afton, then went to the lower valley and visited the Turner's. The Gardner boys all had much land, plenty to eat and wear, and seemed to be prospering. However, they had gone through many hardships.

"Afton, Aug. 31, 1895

"My Dear Daughter Delila,

"I did not answer your welcome letter until to-day as I wanted to write on my eighty-first birthday. This will show that I am still alive. It is a beautiful day. I am well. My hearing is good, my sight is good, my appetite is good, and I feel good in spirit. I am thankful to my heavenly Father for his great blessings to me in my old age both temporally and spiritually.

"Your letter was written three days before it left the post office at Jordan so I only received it three days ago. We are glad you arrived home in safety and that Aunt Jane was able to go to the Salt Lake excursion. We were happy that you enjoyed your visit to Star Valley.

"The frost did more damage to potatoes and wheat than we knew when you were here. The total from those crops will be small but so is life in this probation.

"I intended to try and put in the other run of millstones that I bought of Bennion and perhaps a small run to grind the shorts. But I will have to use the greatest economy and go carefully for at least another year. But we are not discouraged. This climate is not suitable for the raising of grain. We cannot expect to ship out the flour made of the wheat we have on hand as Roller Mill flour is selling at Montpelier for one dollar thirty cents per hundred, two dollars per hundred here at Afton. We stand no show there.

"But we are not here merely for this world and its riches. We are here to do our part in building up our Father's kingdom and to merit a share of His great blessings. I never have felt more resigned to the will of my Father in Heaven than I do to-day. My heart is full of gratitude for the blessings I enjoy personally; and for the family that I stand as a patriarch over. I feel doubly blest. So far, they all have a standing in the church and kingdom of God and each one honors his father and mother.

"I do not know when I will come to Jordan. I am needed here and can do little there.

"We thought it best to send Edwin, my son, in with Ozro in case the trouble with his nose might get worse. He is a good hearted boy but has one great fault. He is easily influenced by the company he is in. His mother wished me to say that she would be glad if you would look after him and do all you can to keep him from going with boys that steal fruit or get into other mischief.

"Since he left I have had my hands full as he helped me a great deal. The older boys have so much to do. I would be glad to see him back with Ozro if it could be arranged. Perhaps the doctor could let him have medicine for his trouble, to take here. We will have to do the best we can. I had no money to send with him so I wish you would write me as soon as you can and let me know what the doctor says about his condition and what the charge will be. I will do my best to meet it. Some of you will have to go with him to the doctor at least the first time. We notified George that Edwin was taken suddenly ill and that

we were sending him in but were not prepared at present to meet the bill.

"Dellie has heard nothing from Brig except what you said in your letter. His wheat is poor and there is little of it fit for bread. We are looking for him every day now. Much of the wheat is cut or ready for cutting, a good deal can only be used for hay. Most of the oats is good. Some of it was frozen also. The second crop of lucern is thriving. The potato plants are growing huskily but we cannot say whether there will be potatoes. That will depend on how long the frost keeps off.

"I have better health now than I have had for over a year. I may live for another one yet. So good bye for this time. Hoping Aunt Jane's health will improve and that the rest of you will be blessed with all that will be for your good. Please tell Melissie that I wrote this letter with the specks she bought me so she has my thanks and my blessings.

From your loving father

A. Gardner.

"P. S. Sept. 1. Brig got home yesterday afternoon."

Although advanced in years, his mind was actively searching for best ways of improving conditions in his community. In their difficult struggle for the necessities of life the people of Afton needed the refining graces of social contacts. They lacked a suitable building where social functions could be properly conducted, so Gardner advocated the construction of a dance hall and opera house. In 1893 the project was begun. People of the locality were solicited. Necessary finances were difficult to obtain so he had to provide them. Finally he and three or four others completed the building.

With sheep on the hills, and a dearth of clothing, he sensed the desirability of using the supply of the one to furnish the need of the other. He solicited financial help to establish a woolen factory. Edmund Buckley of Franklin, Idaho, was induced to furnish the machinery, and in 1896 Gardner personally directed the erection of the flumes, races, penstock, and building. He never rested until the machinery was installed, in operation, and the business firmly "on its feet." The building, races, etc., were owned by the people and the machinery by Mr. Buckley who had

an option on the former. Gardner bore a considerable portion of the expense. It proved a profitable undertaking so long as he managed it, but when it became necessary to transfer that responsibility, through carelessness and inefficiency of the operators, the business went to pieces.

The Semi-Centennial Celebration, marking the entrance of the Pioneers into Utah, was held July 24, 1897. A number of the Gardner clan were honored guests—Archibald, his son Neil of Spanish Fork; his step-sons Rawsel Bradford of Cottonwood, Pleasant, and Sylvester Bradford of Spanish Fork; Aunt Janet (Uncle Willie's widow) and two daughters, Jane Bradford, and Margaret Hill; and William's son, Neil L. Gardner of West Jordan; Robert and wife Jane and daughters Mary and Margaret Millen; and son William of St. George, and Robert Sweeten. The '47 Pioneers were each presented with a beautiful gold badge or pin, made from a twenty-dollar gold piece suitably engraved.

His sturdy constitution had withstood all kinds of hard work and exposure. Rugged and healthy, he had never needed the services of a physician. But late in September of '97 he was taken seriously ill with erysipelas. A doctor was called in, and he was given his first dose of medicine.

His mind was worried. President Woodruff had said, "Don't pass away and leave your bones in Star Valley." All his life he had been obedient to the counsel of those in authority over him. He did not wish to seem heedless of it now. His temperature arose, and his condition became serious. A telegram was sent to Reuben, saying that if he wished to see his father alive he must come at once. Reuben hastened to his bedside. By the time he arrived his father was greatly improved. During the time his body was prostrate, his mind was extremely alert. The many events of his long and colorful life were recalled in detail. His sense of humor was keen. Each visit the doctor made was enlivened with jokes, many of them at the latter's expense.

Recovery was rapid, and in October he was made as comfortable as possible on a stretcher, and in a spring wagon, Reuben conveyed him to his home in West Jordan.

During the summer of 1898, Archibald returned to Afton and assisted in moving the saw mill from there to Dry Creek Canyon and resetting it.

Mary's son Clarence and Alice Ann Burton of Afton were married in the Salt Lake Temple on October 8, 1897. Both were very energetic Church workers, assisting in various auxiliary organizations.

In the autumn Archie went to Spanish Fork for a visit.

"You need another mill here," he said to his son Neil. "Father, we are being well supplied by the mill across the way. At your age (he was in his eighty-fifth year) you shouldn't be thinking of building another mill."

"Neil, I would like you to drive me over to Leland so that I can look that location over."

He was taken to Leland. Syrenus, and Pleasant Bradford accompanied him. He selected the mill site and a location for a mill race. Then he proceeded to interest a number of men in order to secure the necessary capital. He furnished some of the funds, but most of it was contributed by the following men: his son Syrenus, his sons-in-law Alma Andrus, and Joseph Francis, his step-son, Pleasant Bradford, Pleasant Bradford, Jr., Charles Bradford, Joseph Finch, Thomas Wimmer, and William Miles.

Construction of the race and building began in November, 1898. Its completion was celebrated by a dance in the mill during the following February.

When he was at the helm, a venture was pushed to completion with no loss of time.

THE INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH THE BUILDING OF THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE

As before mentioned, during his illness he delighted in recalling past happenings. We will relate a few here. An incident connected with the erection of the Salt Lake Temple is of interest.

The building of that great structure began in 1853, only six years after the Pioneers entered the valley. It was a titantic undertaking for a destitute people whose struggle for food and shelter was of necessity a paramount issue. To excavate for this building, 186½ feet long by 118½ feet wide, with a foundation eight feet deep, took two years.

"June 16, 1855, the work of laying the foundation was commenced at the southeast corner stone and it was completed July 23, 1855. Some years later it was discovered that the foundation was not solid enough for the immense building to be reared thereon, and the whole was taken out and reconstructed." From Pamphlets in Church Historian's office.

It was when the defects of the foundation were noted that the following occurred. Clarence Gardner of Star Valley relates it.

"I have always said that revelations often come through natural sources. This premise is borne out on this occasion. I have heard father relate this story several times to his family in Star Valley. As I understand it the foundation formed the walls of the basement.

"Work had proceeded on this substructure until it had reached a height of about two feet above the surface of the ground. Then cracks in it were discovered and other defects noted. After serious consideration by President Young and his advisors, it was decided that the foundation would not sustain the tremendous weight to be placed upon it. What should be

done? Could the defects be rectified? President Young dismissed the workmen, and sitting down on the foundation said, 'Here I shall remain until the Lord reveals to me what I should do next.'

"He had not been there long when father came into view. President Young motioned him to come to him. 'Bishop, sit down,' he said and he then told him of his perplexing problem.

"Together they went carefully over the matter in hand. They examined the foundation, the materials, the manner in which it had been put together. Then President Young said, 'Bishop, can you tell me what to do?'

"Yes, President Young, the trouble has arisen through the use of too much mortar. The resultant settling has caused the walls to crack. It will be necessary for you to tear out the entire foundation and start over again. This time instead of using mortar, have each and all of the stones in the entire building cut to exact measurement and place stone upon stone with precise fittings. This will prevent cracking, settling or spreading in any way.' President Young brought his hand down on father's shoulder and said, 'Brother Gardner, you are right. That is my revelation.'

"He had the workmen return. The entire foundation was torn out and rebuilt according to father's instructions. The walls were built in like manner. Very little if any mortar was used unless it was for pointing. Why did this revelation come through father? Because he had spent his life working out problems along practical lines. His past experiences made him equal to the occasion."

IN THE FIELD OF ATHLETICS

The Gardner brothers excelled in feats of strength and skill. William was far famed as a wrestler and "scrapper" in Canada and after he came West. He vanquished friends and foes. Even when advanced in years and in failing health he could not resist a challenge.

A certain neighbor was warned to keep his cattle out of William's field. They had broken in and damaged his crops repeatedly. One day William told him in no uncertain terms not to let it happen again.

The man, incensed at the calling down, said: "If you weren't so far along in years you would eat those words."

"Is that so?" retorted William. "Don't let that hinder you," and he pulled off his coat. The man made a quick exit.

Archibald loved contests of brawn and brain. He was five feet ten inches tall, broad of shoulder, and in his prime weighed two hundred twenty pounds. Though large of stature he was very agile and like Longfellow's village blacksmith "the muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands."

From early days in Canada he excelled in the use of the ax. A Canadian neighbor, John Hamilton, one day was proudly proclaiming his dexterity with the implement.

"I can out chop you with one hand" said Archie. "Ha! Ha!" said Hamilton, "let's see you do it."

They selected trees of the same size and kind and went to work. Hamilton grasped his ax in both hands and smote with might and main. Archie took his in one hand and with expert and telling blows brought his tree down first. John Hamilton is responsible for this story.

Stick-pulling was another of Archie's specialties. The contestants sat on the floor facing each other. With the soles of his feet braced against those of his antagonist each took hold of a common rod or stick and endeavored to pull the other up.

Many a woman's broom stick suffered fatality in those days.

Once when his son Rawsel was about twenty-five years of age, he challenged his father to a pulling match. Rawsel was a large muscular fellow of great strength. But in this contest he was powerless. Pulling with all his might he could not budge his father. Invariably Rawsel arose.

During his life in Canada, high-kicking was a favorite pastime. This feat was accomplished by standing on one foot, kicking with the other and lighting on the foot with which he kicked. He could reach a mark six and a-half feet high.

Another interesting stunt in which he out did all competitors, was executed thus: the contestant sat on the floor, clasped his hands around both legs, and, without touching his feet to the floor, bounced to a goal. He and his nephew Heber contested for honors in this race at Polly's wedding. He was sixty-four years old at the time but he far outdid Heber.

At Rawsel's wedding (he was sixty-six then) he grasped a stout stick, a hand at each end, and jumped over it and back again.

He held the record in Canada for long-distance foot-racing. In Chapter IV is the account of his ten-mile race with a doctor riding in a horse-drawn cutter.

While they still lived at Mill Creek another long-remembered race took place. He operated mills in Mill Creek Canyon until 1875, but it was before 1863 that the following incident took place, the year of Neil's marriage.

The men employed at the mills in the canyon returned home Saturday nights to remain over Sunday. One week end there was no way of getting home, ten miles away, except on foot. Archie, his son Neil, and Sylvester Bradford started to walk. Neil told his father he could beat him home. They started to run. After maintaining the pace for a mile Bradford dropped out. The other two ran side by side until within sight of Mill Creek. Then father said to son: "Hurry up, Neil, if you are going home with me. I am tired of poking along." He speeded up and soon left the son in the rear. Neil felt his endurance had been put to a severe test that day and was happy he had been able to maintain an equal speed for so much of the way with his famous father.

44

HIS LIFE'S SUMMARY

One day in January, 1899, he sat thinking of his past achievements. He summarized his life work as follows:

"I was in partnership with my brother in some of our first mills but only at the beginning. During the years of 1848, '49, and '50 my family and I built in Mill Creek and ran for many years:

"Three saw mills, 2 shingle mills, 1 grist mill (the second in Utah, 1849,) 1 saw mill on Jordan by digging the first canal on the Jordan River, 1850; 1 flour mill at West Jordan, 1853; 1 flour mill at Big Cottonwood at the time of Johnston's Army and the 'move', 1857; 1 flour mill, 1 shingle mill and 1 saw mill at Spanish Fork, '58 and '59; 1 flour mill on Big Cottonwood at Bishop Miller's, 1866; 1 flour mill at Pleasant Grove, 1868;

"I spent a good deal in a woolen mill at West Jordan that burned down, 1875.

"In Little Cottonwood Canyon I built: 2 steam saw mills, 1857; 1 water saw mill, 1876; 1 shingle mill, 1876.

"I tore down the old flour mill at West Jordan and built: 1 large flour mill, 1877; 1 small flour mill at Camp Floyd, 1878; 1 water saw mill in American Fork Canyon, 1882.

"But the Edmunds-Tucker law was passed; I was a polygamist and I did not wish to go to prison so I went to Mexico and stayed a few months. My business was all going to wreck so I started to Wyoming where the people and the officials treated me first rate.

"There I built: 1 water power saw mill, 1 flour mill, 1 planing mill, 1 portable steam saw mill, and last, 1 saw mill (water power), five in all in Star Valley. I also assisted with 1 small woolen factory.

"But my main work was building irrigating canals. I have been in the territorial legislature two terms. (1878 and 1880). I was appointed bishop over West Jordan Ward which position I held for thirty-two years.

"I am now back on West Jordan and as my first wife is dead I am living with my children. I have assisted in building: 1 roller mill, South Jordan, 1896.

"We have now nearly ready to start: 1 roller mill at Leland, Utah Co., 1899."

He overlooked: 1 saw mill at Peoa, 1871; 1 grist mill built in 1880.

In early days in Utah he operated at Mill Creek: 1 carding machine in connection with his grist mill, 1851; 1 carding machine at Jordan Mills, 1859.

He continues:

"I have had forty eight children born to me—twenty-seven sons and twenty-one daughters, but have buried nineteen. I have now living seventeen sons and twelve daughters. My oldest living son is fifty-eight years and my youngest is ten. My oldest living daughter is fifty and my youngest is sixteen.

"I am now (1899) in the eighty-fifth year of my age and am writing with out "specks". My hearing is good but the activity of my legs is gone. I expect to be through building canals and mills soon.

"My sons and daughters all own good homes and are all true to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"My youngest brother, Robert, six years my junior, is still living and has about as many living sons and daughters as I. They are all in comfortable circumstances. My oldest brother has been dead for many years. He has living some noble sons and daughters.

"Of my one hundred seventy-five grandchildren, there are one hundred thirty-six living. I have thirteen living great-grandchildren and three dead.

"I have, living in Salt Lake County, six sons and five daughters; at Spanish Fork, three sons and two daughters, and

in Star Valley, Wyoming, seven sons three daughters".

As a patriarch he stood at the head of his numerous family, honored, revered, loved, a man of God. His last trip to Star Valley was in the summer of 1900. Before he left there, he bade the people goodbye, saying that he would not try to come again on account of his age.

Most people wait until their friends are dead to express their appreciation for them; his praised him in life.

"I have attended my own funeral," he told the folks later when describing the farewell party given in his honor in Afton before he left.

A sad death occurred in his family June 13, 1901. Joseph, strong and vigorous, was stricken with pneumonia. Medical aid and expert nursing were administered, but after a week's illness he succumbed, on his forty-first birthday. His wife, Ariadne, with seven children, the youngest nineteen days old, survived him. He left her a good home, a farm and means to rear the family, but they had always been a devoted couple and his death was a sad blow.

"SUNSET"

Archibald's grandchild Delila, daughter of Neil of Spanish Fork, felt highly honored when her grandfather, Aunt Lila, Aunt Elle, and Aunt Rachie came to her wedding reception, held at the home of her father, August 15, 1901.

During the reception some special music was to be rendered. She went to find grandfather. He was on the front porch, and when she told him her errand he said, "My girl," pointing to the mill across the street, "the sweetest music to my ears has always come from the sound of falling waters on the wheel of a busy mill. I loved it as a child in Scotland and I love it now".

Later in the evening she had occasion to seek him. Peals a laughter came from the front bed room. It was crowded with appreciative listeners, and he was entertaining them from his inexhaustible fund of stories. He was a past master in the art of story telling. Never was a situation suggested but he had a yarn to fit it. Never did he enter a crowd but he was the center of attraction. Everyone gathered about him to enjoy his good humor and listen to his anecdotes. He radiated happiness and good will. His was a magnetic personality.

At one time he was asked if he ever ran out of yarns. He replied that he was once in a contest with a famous teller of tales. The contest began one long winter night. First one told a story, then the other tried to better it. Hour after hour passed along. About two or three in the morning the audience began to thin out. At day light but one or two remained.

"I'm through," said his opponent. "I've just begun", said Archibald.

His legs and knees were quite stiff in 1901, so that he had some difficulty getting about. He so appreciated the least favor one did for him. A cup of water was received with so much graciousness that the giver of it felt as if she were serving a

king. And a king among men he was—a great and noble soul. His last Christmas holidays were spent at the home of his son Neil in Spanish Fork relating the events of his life. In his inimitable style he unfolded his life's drama up until the time he reached Nauvoo. All this his granddaughter recorded.

He was taken ill at Spanish Fork .

During January of 1902 his health was poor. He went home to West Jordan. He had suffered from hernia for years but said very little about it. It was troubling him now. On the first Sunday in February, stake conference was held at Sandy, and Aunt Jane and Delila went in the afternoon. Rawsel came to stay with his father while they were away. He went for Dr. Robertson who said he must go to a hospital at once. Early next morning he was made comfortable in a sleigh. Reuben, Rawsel and Robert drove him to St. Mark's. He was operated on for strangulated hernia. He rallied after the ordeal, but the shock was too great at his advanced age. In a weak voice and with a smile he murmured: "Here I go to solve the great mystery."

He passed peacefully away early in the morning of February 8, 1902. Nine of his sons were present: Neil, Reuben, George, Rawsel, Henry, Syrenus, Robert, James H., and Wallace. They had been in constant attendance while he was at the hospital. Other members of the family and friends had come as often as they could.

His remains were taken to the Joseph E. Taylor Undertaking Parlor and, as the weather was so disagreeable and the roads in such a bad condition, it was decided to hold his funeral on the twelfth at the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Hall. This was a disappointment to many. He was a patriarch of Jordan Stake and universally revered and loved. Many who should have liked to, were unable to attend. Angus M. Cannon and Joseph E. Taylor made all funeral arrangements. Bishop John A. Egbert of West Jordan Ward and Jesse W. Fox took charge of the services which were crowded. Friends and relatives from Spanish Fork, Star Valley, Logan, Lehi, and Jordan were present.

Apostle John Henry Smith, one of the speakers said, "God never placed a truer man on this earth." He compared him to a sturdy oak standing alone in a field. He had withstood the winds of adversity and grown strong. He was a giant among men. He never betrayed his wives, his children, or his God. Apostle

Matthias F. Cowley said there never would be a time but what a goodly number of his posterity would bear the Holy Priesthood. Burial was in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. He was eighty-seven years, five months, and six days old. He left three wives, sixteen sons and twelve daughters, one hundred fifty-five grandchildren and thirty-two great grandchildren.

The night before he went to the hospital he said he was ready and willing to die. So many of his loved ones were on the other side. All he dreaded was the passing, the nature of which he knew so little. He bore a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel and rejoiced that every one of his numerous family had membership and standing in the Church. His mind always reached out for ways and means to benefit his people. He said that night he should have liked to live to see pumps installed on Utah Lake and the water lifted onto the upper benches in Salt Lake County. Later his ideas and plans were worked out; a pumping plant was installed on Utah Lake. The water was taken out and into the Jordan River, then onto the high lands, by his son James H. and others. James H. and Ingles had the contract.

THE AFTER GLOW

The stake conference at Afton was in session when news of his death reached there. The Sunday afternoon session was held in his honor, and the entire time taken by close friends and acquaintances who bore testimony of the sterling worth of their benefactor. It was an occasion of sorrow to everyone, and there were few dry eyes in the house. Every speaker praised him and thanked his Heavenly Father that they had known such a noble man. The stake president, George Osmond, stated that no person that had ever entered Star Valley had done so much to assist its people or to build up the country. His many good qualities were dwelt on, especially his charitable nature. His heart and hand went out to the poor and needy. B. H. Allred, Jr., testifies to the following: "One hard winter, during the pioneer days of Star Valley, flour was scarce and money scarcer. The stores required three dollars cash down per hundred for flour. I had managed to gather together a few dollars and decided to go to Brother Gardner's mill and purchase some. I found him standing on the porch.

" 'Brother Gardner, have you any flour?'

" 'Yes sir,' he said, 'and have you any money?' " 'I have,' said I, taking the money from my pocket.

" 'Well,' said Brother Gardner, 'you can't buy flour from me. You have the cash and can get it at the stores. Many of the people have no money and they can't obtain any without. So I must save my flour for them.'" Brother Allred said he was dumbfounded. Never before had he witnessed any such thing, and as he related it, tears rolled down his cheeks.

"The following day," said Brother Allred, "I went to the store and so did Brother Gardner. He was there to buy a mill file and asked for it on credit. He hadn't money enough to pay for so small an article and yet I had offered him money the

day before which he had refused."

Another instance was related by A. M. Nielson, formerly of Sandy, Utah.

"I was entirely out of flour and had no money to buy any. My family was hungry. I had been to the stores and had tried to get a sack without success. I went to bed that night feeling very blue. There was no bread in the house for breakfast and no flour to make any. Next morning to our wonder and joy, what should I find upon opening the door, and leaning against it, but a sack of flour. There was no evidence as to who my benefactor was save the large foot prints in the snow that led to Gardner's mill."

At another time this same man found himself in similar circumstances. His family was very hungry. He forced himself to ask for help at the store.

The merchant said, "Have you a cow?" "Yes," said Brother Nielson.

"Well, I'll see. Perhaps I will come and look at her." But this did not relieve the urgent need. He started home and met Brother Gardner in the street.

"How are you, Andrew? Have you any flour?"

"No, sir" he answered, "and I can't get any."

"Yes, you can. Come with me." together they went to the mill where Andrew received the much-needed ration.

At another time there was a severe shortage. His son Clarence was running the mill, and Archie carried off the flour as fast as it was ground. "Have you any flour, son?" Upon finding there was some, he would put from twenty-five to fifty pounds in a sack and start for some home where he knew it was needed, oftentimes carrying it two miles. Finally Clarence became quite put out at the way business was being conducted. He told his father it was no use for him to try to get ahead, that he gave flour away as fast as it was ground. The grand old man put his hand on his son's shoulder and said, "My boy, I have not lived for myself alone. I have not accumulated treasures on earth, but I have tried to lay some up in heaven. I want something to my credit when I get there. As long as I have any

flour, I will share it with those in need."

Another time he wished to buy a beef and found that his neighbor had a fat cow for sale. The neighbor was a poor man, and needing flour, decided to sell it to obtain some.

"What do you ask for her, Brother Olsen?"

"Sixteen dollars" said he.

"Well I can't give you that for her. She is worth eighteen dollars. That is my price in flour."

His fairness in his deals, his attention to the needs of the people, his cheerfulness and kindness won the love of every person who knew him.

"Blessed are the meek." Archibald Gardner was meek, yet he could take chastisement. His faith in the Gospel was founded on a rock. Nothing men said or did affected it even though it be the President of the Church and he thought the reprimand unjustified.

Susan Y. Gates in her biography of her father relates an incident to this effect. Her father on some provocation rebuked a bishop before a public gathering. That bishop was Archibald Gardner. After his scathing reproof he said, "Now, Bishop Gardner, I don't want you to go and apostatize because of what I have said." The bishop arose and in stentorian tones (his voice could be heard two blocks away) replied, "Don't worry, Brother Brigham. This is my Father's kingdom and I have just as much right in it as you have." At this remark the Leader chuckled.

At stake conference held at Spanish Fork shortly before his death he was called upon to speak. He bore a strong testimony to the divinity of the Gospel and then told about his family.

"There may be some who are better looking than my children but I am proud of my family because I believe they are all honest."

At one time he was in the Z. C. M. I. when he met Brother Jennings. The latter was telling of his financial success.

"How is it, Brother Gardner, that you and I came to Utah at the same time, in about the same circumstances. Now I am wealthy and you are a poor man."

"Brother Jennings, I would not begin to trade possessions with you."

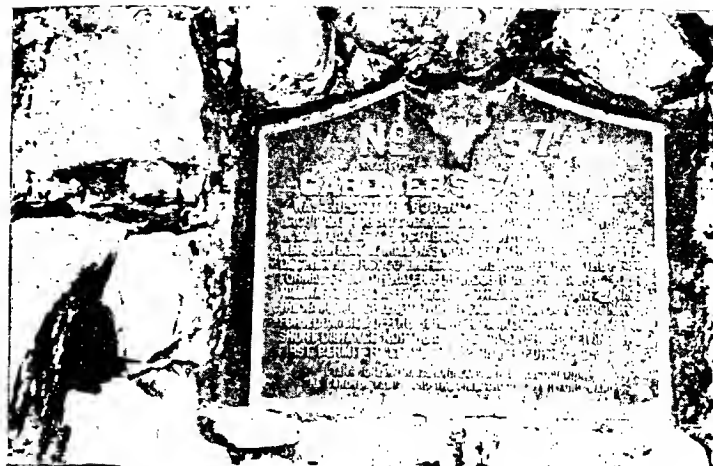
"Is that so?" said the latter. "I thought you were a poor man."

Said Archibald, "You have much property but only one wife, and but two or three children. I have—" and he named a number of wives and children. "I expect to have all these in the next world while your money and property you must leave behind you." The laugh that went up from the listeners was not at Archie's expense.

James Robertson, a life long friend of Brother Gardner, quoted from Pope:

"A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Archie Gardner was an honest man.



COPPER PLAQUE ON THE GARDNER MONUMENT

This monument erected in 1936 was dedicated December 11, 1936. It marks the site of the Gardner saw mill erected by Archibald and Robert Gardner and sawed the first commercial lumber on the first formal grant of water for industrial purposes in Utah. A little later they built a flour mill, the second in Utah, a few rods upstream. Gardner's Fort, domicile of the family, was located a short distance northeast of the saw mill. The Gardners received the first permit to leave the pioneer fort.

FAITH CARRIES OVER

His faith in Christ and the restored Gospel was the great motivating power of his life. How well that faith had carried over to his posterity is partially shown in the following data:

Ten of his sons performed full-time missions, one of the number an additional six-months' mission.

Five sons-in-law carried the Gospel to the nations on full-time missions with one of them an additional six-months' mission.

The missions of Canada, United States, South America, the various countries of Europe, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and the islands of the sea have received as messengers of Christ up to September 1935, twenty-six grandsons, four granddaughters, sixteen grandsons-in-law, one granddaughter-in-law, fourteen great grandsons, two great granddaughters and one great grandson-in-law.

What would Duncan Livingston, who questioned Archibald's statement that the Gospel would be preached to all nations, say, if confronted with that record?

Numerous members of his family have held positions of responsibility in the Church and in the State. Numerous stake presidents, high councilmen, bishops, and heads of auxiliary organizations have been filled by his posterity. His son Henry was president of Utah Senate longer than any other man, four terms, sixteen years. His son James H. was superintendent of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. His sons Clarence and Otto were in the Wyoming Legislature for many years. Perhaps he is the only man in Utah history that has himself, his son, and grandson served in the State Legislature.

The command, "Honor thy father and mother," has been in the hearts of his children. His great pride was that they were all honest. Carry on, posterity. He gave you a name and heritage to be proud of. Never by thought, word, or deed bring dishonor to that name.

WIVES AND CHILDREN OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER

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MARGARET LIVINGSTON

and

CHILDREN

MARGARET LIVINGSTON

Among the Scotch emigrants who flocked to America in the first quarter of the nineteenth century were Neil Livingston, his wife, Janet McNair, and three little girls, Sarah, Mary, and Margaret. The latter had been born two years before among the Highlands of Scotland—at Loch Gilphead in Argyllshire—October 12, 1818. Overseas they came in a sailing vessel and landed at Quebec, November 20, 1820.


They made haste to a hotel, secured quarters, and there during the night a fourth girl, Janet, was born. When the mother was strong enough, the family moved into a log cabin in the backwoods of Canada where later four boys, Neil, John, Duncan, and Dougal were added to the family.

The father had cut down trees, hewed logs, and built their first home there with his own hands. He struggled for a few years tilling the soil, but it was a poor living he eked out and thinking to improve their condition, he left to find work. He was never heard of again.

With the breadwinner gone, life was indeed hard for the Livingston family. As soon as the girls were old enough to help, they went to Detroit, Michigan, to seek employment. Sarah, the oldest, obtained work as a dressmaker and Mary, as serving maid. All the money possible was saved for the support of the family. Even the visits home were made on foot, the price of fare going to mother. As soon as Margaret and Janet were able to get work, they hired out—Margaret as a lady's maid and Janet, as helper in the kitchen. Their meager earnings were added to the family coffers.

Sarah married John McKellar and Mary, John McFarlane, both of Detroit.

Sometime in the year 1836, Archibald Gardner, a young Scotchman, built a grist mill at Brooke. While cutting a road through the timber to a saw mill which he built later, he met Margaret, and it was a case of love at first sight. He always said that something whispered to his understanding that she should be his wife. Accordingly, when he got his mill started, he sent to Detroit for her, a distance of a hundred miles, and they were married February 19, 1839, in Brooke Township, Canada.



Neil
Sarah G. Haun
Rachel M. G. Irving

Margaret G. Smith
Mary Ellen Gardner
Margaret Livingston, Mother
Delila Gardner

Here they made their first home near the Brooke mill. Life held promise. They were prosperous and happy. This humble domicile was in a lovely grove of maples on top of the hill overlooking the dale through which ran Bear Creek, a tributary of the Sydenham River. In this home her oldest son, Robert, was born, February 1, 1840.

A little later a larger and better house was built on the hillside across the road from the mill. A depression indicating a cellar and a rock foundation are there to this day. The race, which crosses the road from the site of Archie's first grist mill, is also still plainly discernible. Here her children Neil, Archibald, and Janet were born, and here little Archibald died, October 10, 1844, aged eighteen months, of bowel trouble.

When the Gospel was brought to Canada by John Borrowman, the Gardner brothers, together with their wives, mother, and sister accepted it. Margaret and Janet were the only ones of the Livingston family ever to join the Church.

They left Canada, twenty-four of them, in 1846. They spent the winter in Winter Quarters where much sickness overtook them. Margaret was ill about three weeks, her son Robert about the same length of time, and then the baby Janet was stricken. She died at the same age, and of the same complaint as her little brother Archie had succumbed to two years previously. She lies buried at Winter Quarters.

In June, 1847, they began the long, tedious journey across the plains. Day after day, week after week, they moved slowly along, often enveloped in clouds of choking, stinging alkali dust. Margaret, with high courage and sustaining faith that God our Father was with them, held reins in hand and drove bravely on across the swollen creeks and raging rivers. Often the way led over high and steep mountain passes, then up and down through narrow sheer-walled, rock-strewn gorges to the monotonous tune of "gee, haw" of the ox team drivers. She drove a span of mares all the way, even over Big Mountain. They arrived in the valley on October 1, 1847, camped in the Old Fort and here her daughter Margaret was born in the early hours of the morning of October 6, 1847. A wagon box which had been lifted off the running gears and made secure nearer the ground served as her hospital.

In the spring of 1848 they moved to Mill Creek where the

rest of her family were born; namely, Sarah, Mary Ellen, Rachael Maria, and Delila.

It was here she passed through the great trial of her faith. Her husband contemplated plural marriage. Her soul revolted at the idea. She felt she could not stand to live in it. She even moved to her sister Janet's, determined to give up her husband rather than adopt a life intolerable to her. No persuasion on his part could dissuade her.

A conference was held in a cottonwood grove in Mill Creek about this time, and President Young was in attendance. At Archibald's request he conferred with Margaret. "There was a feast of reason and a flow of soul." In a long conversation the President explained the principle of plural marriage and the necessity of the Saints' accepting it at that time. She was converted. He blessed her, and through prayer she was comforted. Ever afterward she was mother to his large family. She was respected, honored, and loved by his other wives and by all of his children.

She saw the gulls destroy the erickets that threatened their livelihood and acknowledged the hand of the Lord in sparing the crops.

Robert, their oldest son, was a fine boy. He was lovable and kind and the pride of his parents. While playing ball one day he injured his knee and hip. Adequate medical care was a rarity. Home applications and remedies were administered, but tuberculosis set in, and after eight months of terrible suffering he died June 3, 1853, aged thirteen years, four months. Margaret's grief was inconsolable. Life itself was relentless and difficult.

She went with the rest of the Gardners to Spanish Fork at the time of the "move". Her husband built a grist and saw mill and commenced a fine home there. But he was called back to be bishop of West Jordan in 1859, and the home which had been raised to the square was never finished.

Margaret lived in the large center room of the long weather-board house on the corner where the Neil L. Gardner home now stands. It was built for a temporary residence.

Her home contained a convenience not common among pioneer homes of Utah. It was called a "step stove" and was brought across the plains by them in '47. It had a hearth where

If you opened the front doors you could see the grate which contained the fire—if there was one. Above the fire box were two holes where a kettle could be boiled in a hurry; another rise, and in the top of this elevation were two more holes, and below them was the small oven. Neil was employed at the mill, so it was the duty of the older girls to chop and carry in the daily wood supply. When the freighters came for their supply of flour, they brought with them a copy of the weekly *Deseret News*. This was greedily read and passed around and discussed. During the evening Patterson and Murray, neighbors, came to peruse the paper by the light of the fire in the grate, and young Maggie's daily supply of wood melted away.

Maggie was engaged to work for Mrs. Rhoda Snell about this time. The latter's son Will, a large, strong, young man was becoming mentally deranged. One morning Maggie took a pan of milk down a cellar where it could be kept cool. She placed it on the shelf and upon turning around was horrified to find Will sitting on the steps to the only exit, with a demoniacal look in his eye. She dared not move or scream. Hour after hour passed. His mother discovered him there but dared not cross him. All the men and boys of the household and of the neighborhood had gone to the fields, miles away, for the day. Poor Maggie feared even to change position. After what seemed ages the men of the house returned. Will was taken and locked in a room by himself—no mental hospitals to care for those unfortunates in Utah at that date. Needless to say, Maggie wasn't allowed to work there any more.

The family made their home at Spanish Fork until 1865 when Margaret with her five daughters moved to West Jordan, leaving her son, Neil, (who had married in the meantime) at Spanish Fork to run the mills and look after the business there.

Seven years had made a considerable difference in the family. Maggie was now eighteen, Sarah, fifteen, Ellen, thirteen, Rachael, eleven, and Delila, eight.

When the West Jordan Relief Society was organized April 21, 1868, she was chosen treasurer. This position she retained until July 6, 1891, when she was released on account of failing health.

It was in 1883 that dread paralysis first touched her.

Gradually it tightened its grip. She became unable to walk, was deprived of her speech, and during the last years of her life was entirely helpless. Kind hands and loving hearts cared for her and did what they could to comfort her in her dire affliction. She died at her home in West Jordan September 21, 1893. Death came as a happy release and ended a beautiful life of devotion and self-sacrifice. She was buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery among her loved ones. Her two daughters, Margaret Smith, and Sarah Hawn, had preceded her to the Great Beyond. Her husband, son Neil, and three daughters, Mary Ellen Gardner, Rachael Maria Irving, and Delila Gardner survived her. She was a noble soul, gentle, kindly, generous. She was true to the faith that she had embraced in early womanhood and a faithful follower of the "Lowly Nazarene".

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, their works do follow them."

CHILDREN OF MARGARET LIVINGSTON

Robert: born February 1, 1840, at Brooke, Kent County, Canada; died June 13, 1853, at Mill Creek, Salt Lake County.

Neil: born June 24, 1841, at Brooke; died July 6, 1906, at Spanish Fork; married Regina Evensen.

Archibald: born April 10, 1843, at Brooke; died October 10, 1844, at Brooke.

Janet: born April 9, 1845, at Brooke; died October 10, 1846, at Winter Quarters.

Margaret: born October 6, 1847, at Salt Lake City; died March 20, 1884, at West Jordan; married Albert Smith.

Sarah: born February 10, 1850, at Mill Creek; died August 23, 1889, at West Jordan; married Chas. D. Hawn.

Mary Ellen: born February 17, 1852, at Mill Creek; married Neil L. Gardner.

Rachael Maria: born May 10, 1854, at Mill Creek; married John W. Irving.

Delila: born July 18, 1857, at Mill Creek.

ABIGAIL SPRAGUE BRADFORD

Abigail Sprague Bradford Gardner came of good old English stock. Her forefather, William Sprague, came from England in the ship "Abigail" in 1628 in company with Governor Endicott.

William and brothers, Ralph and Richard, were founders of the city of Charleston, Mass., in 1638. They were persons of character, substance, and enterprise—excellent citizens and public benefactors as were many of their descendants. Abigail's grandfather served in the Revolutionary War, first as sergeant in 1777 and then as first lieutenant in Captain Samuel Taylor's 6th Company, Hampshire County Regiment—commissioned November 18, 1779. Her father, Hezekiah Sprague, after his marriage settled in Oxford, Chenango Co., New York, where eight of his children were born. In 1809 he disposed of his holdings there to his brother Basil and moved about fifty-five miles northwest into Cayuga Co., N. Y. Here Abigail was born August 14, 1813, and later Henry, at the same place. About 1822 Hezekiah sold out and again went west with his wife Abigail and children Lois, Rawsel, Ithamer, Gad, Abigail, and Henry and located in the southeastern part of Indiana. The father and mother, Ithamer and wife, Abigail and husband, and Henry joined the Church of Jesus Christ about 1833 in Cotton Township, Switzerland Co., Indiana. Abigail had married Hial Bradford August 21, 1833. He was the only one of a family of ten to join. They all moved to Illinois to be with the body of the Saints and settled at Nauvoo, Hancock Co., where Hial bought a farm and later purchased another one adjoining it. Pleasant was born here.

On one occasion Hial and Abigail were taking their little son Rawsel to a doctor. They feared his hand would have to be amputated. On the way they met the Prophet Joseph. He examined the injured hand and told them to return home as it would be all right, and it was.

Hial and Abigail both received their patriarchial blessings under the hand of the Patriarch Hyrum Smith. She was promised that her name should be perpetuated, that she should be honored by posterity and that the blessings of God should rest upon her descendants. She would be blessed in basket and in store and would gain a knowledge of God and His mysteries that would be a comfort to her heart in time of need. These promises with others gave her faith and strength to bear up under the



Abigail Sprague Bradford, Mother



Abigail G. Haun Gauchet

severe trials so soon to overtake her.

Persecution ran riot in Nauvoo. When the remains of the murdered prophet and his brother lay in state, she and her daughter Mary Ann were among the thousands to view them.

Abigail was very ill when her baby Tryphena was born September 30, 1845. Her husband went for his brother's wife to help at the sick bed. He took his brother's baby with him on the horse and was so long in returning that the family became concerned and went in search of him. He was found feeling his way to the house. He had taken suddenly and violently ill. He died during the night. A little eight-year-old son, Grandville, died about the same time. Two vacant chairs met her gaze when Abigail was able to sit up.

Persecutions continued. The Saints were being driven from their homes. Abigail sold her two farms, two thousand bushels of corn, livestock, and personal property for two outfits, including a plow, some other implements, seeds for planting, and provisions.

Her husband's brothers, hearing of her intentions to go west, offered to take care of her and her children, and educate them, if they would only abandon the idea of the perilous journey. But her mind was settled; her heart was with the Saints.

Henry with his wife and children settled a few miles down the river from Burlington. He started west with the Saints but lost his cattle. In the search for them he got a few days behind the company too long to rejoin them. He never came any farther west.

Abigail and children, father, and mother spent the winter of '46 at Winter Quarters. Here her mother died and was buried. Her brother Ithamer, his wife, and five children stopped at Mt. Pisgah with a company of Saints for the winter. Sickness and death overtook them, and the wife and all the children lie buried there.

In June, 1847, Abigail, with her father, her brother Ithamer, and her children, Mary Ann, (sixteen), Rawsel, (fourteen), Sylvester, (eight), Pleasant, (four), and Tryphena, (two), started for the West.

They traveled in Bishop Hunter's company of one hundred

ABIGAIL SPRAGUE BRADFORD

and

CHILD

wagons, Captain Horne's Fifty, and Captain Archibald Gardner's company of ten.

During the journey one ox died, so they hooked up "Old Lil," the milk cow, to take his place. Each morning the milk was poured into the churn and each night a pat of butter was taken out. The jolting of the wagon did the trick.

The "Old Sow," a cannon used in the War of 1812, was brought across the plains with them to be used against the Indians if necessary. Sylvester, Al Babcock, and Wiley Thomas took turns riding it. The cannon is now in the museum on Temple Square.

Towards the end of the long trek one of her wagons became so "good-for-nothing" that she prayed night and morning that it would hold together until they reached their destination. It broke down completely in Emigration Canyon, almost within sight of their goal.

Upon reaching the valley they located in the "Old Fort". The children, Mary Ann and Rawsel, helped make the adobes which went into their first home in the valley. The adobes were moulded in wooden boxes a foot long.

She married Archibald Gardner April 26, 1849.

At the time of the "move" she went to Spanish Fork with the rest of the Gardner family, and sometime in '63 she moved to West Jordan. Her daughter Abby had taught school at Spanish Fork a season. Her two sons, Sylvester and Pleasant Bradford, bought farms at Spanish Fork near the river, and their sister Tryphena kept house for them.

In the fall 1864 a triple wedding took place. The two Bradford boys, and their sister Tryphena, were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, and a wedding reception was tendered the three young couples at West Jordan. Sylvester was married to Mary Jones; Pleasant, to Mary's sister Jane; and Tryphena, to Gillet Hales, all of Spanish Fork. There they made their homes.

She was genial of disposition, of medium stature, but very heavy. She learned the Indian language, made friends with the Indians, and was able to be of great service when trouble arose. On different occasions she sat in their circles and smoked

the pipe of peace with them, a solemn pledge between whites and red men, long remembered and generally respected.

Through all her trials and hardships she never once lost faith in the Gospel. She lived its precepts and taught its precious truths to her children and her children's children.

She died January 16, 1879, at West Jordan, Utah, and was buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery.

CHILDREN OF ABIGAIL SPRAGUE BRADFORD

Abigail: born April 26, 1850, at Mill Creek; died February 26, 1892, at Annabell, Sevier County; married Philip Gauchet.

MARY ANN BRADFORD

Mary Ann Bradford, daughter of Hial and Abigail Sprague Bradford, was born November 7, 1831, in Cotton Township, Switzerland Co., Indiana.

Her early history was closely associated with that of her father and mother. They joined the Church in 1838, and she was brought up to observe its teachings.

She went with them to Nauvoo in 1840, and they settled about six miles below the city, near the Mississippi River. On their eighty-acre farm they prospered. All went well until the father Hial was suddenly called by death to leave his loved ones.

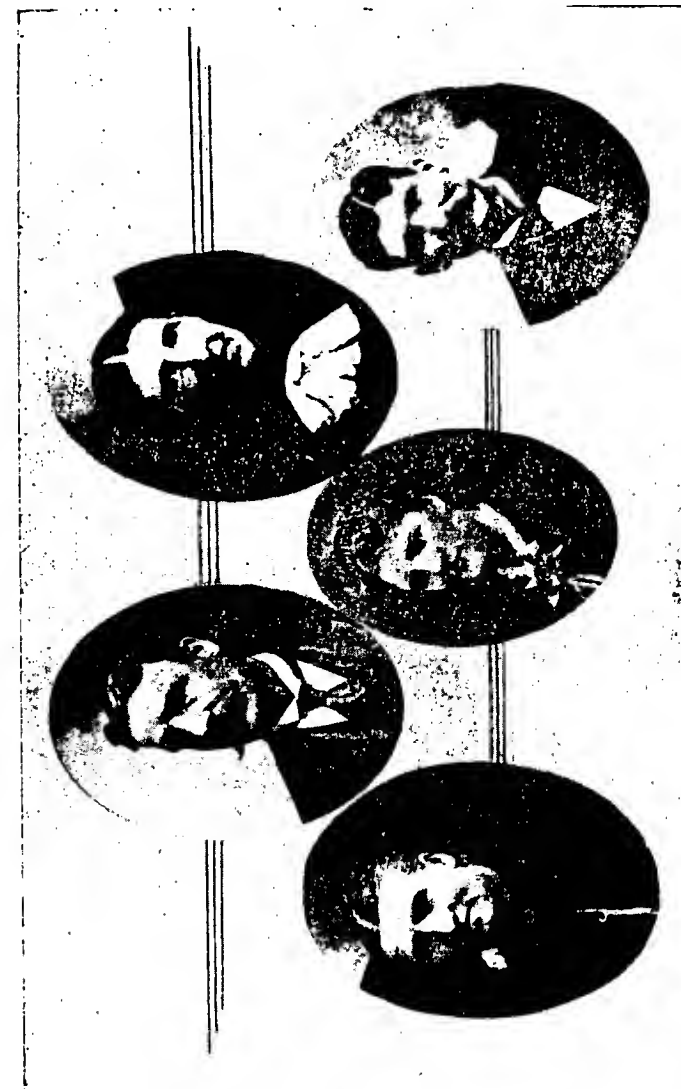
Two days later her brother Grandville passed away. All the while her mother lay at death's door following confinement. All the children except Mary Ann were ill with chills and fever, and upon her, a little girl of fourteen, rested the responsibility of caring for the rest of the family. She did all the chores, feeding and watering the horses and cattle, besides looking after the sick, and she never tired or complained. Her courage and faith in her Heavenly Father sustained her, and later with a grateful heart she offered up thanks to God for restoring her mother and brothers to health.

Preparations were being made to leave Nauvoo. After her father's death two of her father's brothers, hearing of their intended exodus, came from Indiana and tried to dissuade them from going west. They were well-to-do and proffered to take the children and educate them. But the mother would not consent. Their lot was cast with that of the Saints.

After selling, or almost giving away, their home and farms for outfit for the westward journey, they, accompanied by her mother's aged and infirm parents, left Nauvoo, passing through the State of Iowa in disagreeable weather over muddy roads.

After reaching Winter Quarters, the old grandmother died and the infirm grandfather was left to Mary Ann's care.

They left Winter Quarters in the summer of '47 in Bishop Hunter's company of one hundred and Archibald Gardner's company of ten. Her brother, Rawsel, then fourteen years of age, had to make two trips back to the Mississippi for provisions. He



CHILDREN OF MARY ANN BRADFORD
 Mary Elizabeth G. Turner Rawsel B. Mary Ann G. Bacon Rebekah Gardner Robert

accompanied Nathan Tanner, and the responsibility of caring for the animals was again Mary Ann's.

Upon reaching the valley they camped in the Old Fort, and Mary Ann helped make the adobes for their home. The hardships and hunger of that first winter in the valley were never forgotten. For six weeks they never tasted bread but lived on roots, greens, and old beef. In the spring they planted crops which came up beautifully only to be devoured by the black hordes of crickets. They irrigated the land, replanted, and raised enough grain for bread.

That fall they moved to Mill Creek. Mary Ann married Archibald Gardner April 26, 1849, and went to Mill Creek Canyon to cook for men getting out timber for the Gardner mills.

At the time of the Johnston's Army she moved to Spanish Fork with the rest of the Saints, then later came to West Jordan where she made her home. The house, now torn down, on the hill just west of the Gardner Grist Mill, was built for her. She cooked for the men when her husband first came to West Jordan to build a grist mill and again she cooked there for the men who built the old rock ward house.

She was the mother of nine children: Mary Elizabeth, William Archibald, Rhoda Ann, Rawsel B., Mary Ann, John, Rebecca, Robert, and Abigail Jane. Three babies, William, John, and Abigail Jane preceded her in death.

She was always a loyal, devoted wife and loving mother. When she was expecting her husband, his supper was always ready. Upon sight of his oxen or horses she was out to greet him. She would help unharness his animals, feed them, and share his humble meal with him. If he were late and darkness fell before his arrival, there was always a lighted candle in the widow to guide him home. When this devoted wife died January 28, 1864, at the age of thirty-three, following the birth of her last babe, she was deeply mourned. "The light in the window has gone out" lamented her sorrowing husband. She was buried in the cemetery in Salt Lake City.

CHILDREN OF MARY ANN BRADFORD

CHILDREN OF MARY ANN BRADFORD

Mary Elizabeth: born February 1, 1850, at Mill Creek; died

June 11, 1932, at Turnerville, Wyoming; married William A. Turner.

William Archibald: born October 25, 1851, at Mill Creek; died October 6, 1852, at Mill Creek.

Rhoda Ann: born July 25, 1853, at Mill Creek, died October 26, 1867, at West Jordan.

Rawsel B.: born April 1, 1856, at Mill Creek; died February 7, 1929, at West Jordan; married Sophy Seipert.

John: born October 2, 1857, at Big Cottonwood; died October 15, 1857, at Big Cottonwood.

Mary Ann: born October 2, 1857, at Big Cottonwood; died April 24, 1887, at West Jordan; married Edmund Bacon.

Rebekah: born November 22, 1859, at West Jordan; married Heber Gardner.

Robert: born April 4, 1862, at West Jordan; married Carrie Andrus.

Abigail Jane: born January 27, 1864, at West Jordan; died January 29, 1864, at West Jordan.

LAURA ALTHEA THOMPSON

and

CHILDREN

LAURA ALTHEA THOMPSON

Laura Althea T. Gardner was born at Alexander, Genesee Co., New York, August 3, 1834. She was the daughter of George and Lucia Thompson. With them she crossed the plains, arriving in Utah in 1850. They settled in Cottonwood. She taught school for a season and married Archibald Gardner of Mill Creek, March 3, 1851.

She continued to teach after her marriage. The school was in a one-room log house in Mill Creek located at 48th South, and 16th East (Murray) on top of the hill.

Among her pupils were Sarah and Mary Ellen, her husband's children, William (Robert Gardner's son), Andrew Helm, and a few years later Serena, Archibald's Norwegian wife.

She went south to Spanish Fork at the time of the move and there she ran a small store on the corner of the lot where Neil L. Gardner's home now stands. In addition to white settlers the Indians used to come here to trade. Among them was a good-looking young squaw. One long-remembered day a local man sold whiskey to the Indians, among them the husband of the dusky maiden before mentioned. "Liquored Indians" are insane Indians. The poor squaw in her desperation tried to hide away from her spouse, but he found her. Next day she came to the store with her face covered with blood and her nose gone. He had cut it off with his tomahawk.

After the move Althea with Aunt Jane, Lizzie, and Sarah Jane moved back to the home by the mill on the Big Cottonwood Creek.

Sometime in 1863 George Delos, Althea's oldest son, a boy of ten, was stricken with a white swelling in his leg just under the knee. He suffered greatly. Surgical skill at that time was very meagre in the Territory. Doctors declared it necessary to amputate the limb and said he would die. His parents decided it should not be taken off. Personally George was very much opposed to having it removed. A man by the name of E. W. Vannetten doctored him, and he recovered sufficiently to walk with a cane. Later he had to use crutches. June 15, 1897, he went to St. Marks Hospital and had the leg amputated. His health improved, but he always used crutches and never had an artificial limb.



George Delos Lucia Adell Gardner
Joseph S. Laura Althea Thompson Laura Althea
B. Ozro Ellen Janette G. Bennion Wallace W.

On February 28, 1869, Althea was chosen president of the Relief Society of the West Jordan Ward, with Clarissa Beckstead and Louisa Egbert as counselors. She held this position until December 12, 1880, when she was honorably released as she with her family was moving to Taylorsville. Archibald was building a mill there.

Sorrows were hers. The tragic death of her eighteen-year-old son Archie December 4, 1876, is told in his father's life as is the death of her last baby, Perry Wilburn, and her lovely daughter Laura soon afterward. Fanny, the Indian girl, lived with Althea for sixteen years. She was a good worker, was treated kindly and was contented there. She died in 1879.

That spring Clinton Thompson moved south onto the Sevier, leaving his aged mother to the care of his sister, Aunt Althea. She moved to the old family home in Cottonwood, which it was agreed she should receive for this service. The mother lived a little over a year. After her passing Althea moved back to Jordan.

In 1882, when Archibald divided up his property on West Jordan, Althea was given a farm.

In 1884 two of Althea's sons married, George Delos to Eugenia Huffaker on May 4, and Joseph, to Ariadne, her half-sister, on October 2. Receptions following both weddings were held at the home of the boys' mother, in Taylorsville, where Joseph was running the mill. During the years they lived there, Aunt Althea's youngest daughter Nettie attended the University of Utah and later taught school at Taylorsville. Previous to their marriages, George and Joseph, with their father's help, each built a two-room brick house on his land at West Jordan. George and his wife went to live in their new home soon after the wedding, but Joseph stayed a while and ran the mill at Taylorsville. Sometime during 1884 Archibald began to build brick homes for Aunt Althea and Aunt Mary on their farms.

In 1885 he sold his grist mill at Taylorsville to the Bennions, and Aunt Althea moved back to Jordan. She lived in the old adobe house that is still standing by the mill, until her home on the farm was completed, when she occupied it.

On July 21, 1886, Aunt Althea's daughter Ellen Janet (Nettie) married Ira Bennion of Taylorsville in the Logan Temple.

A reception was held at her mother's in West Jordan. They lived for a while with his mother until he built a large brick home nearby.

July 6, 1891, Bishop John A. Egbert reorganized the West Jordan Ward Relief Society. Agnes Cutler was made president, and Althea was chosen second counselor.

January 13, 1896, President Cutler was released after which Althea was chosen first counselor to Marinda Bateman, the new president.

She was capable and trustworthy. She was refined, dignified, and kindly, especially to the young people. They loved to go to her home. She was so impartial in her treatment of the children of her husband's other wives that her sister's daughter, a frequent visitor at her home, never knew until she was grown that the children of the other wives were not her own cousins. They were one big happy family—no bickering or quarreling. When Rena was a young girl, she visited at Aunt Althea's on one occasion. Her father came in one morning and asked Althea if she would like to go to Salt Lake City with him. If she went he would take the horse and buggy; if he went alone, he would go on the train. Now, she would have liked to but did not say so.

She said she would not go that day. After he had gone, she went into the house and burst into tears.

Rena wished to be sympathetic. "I don't blame you for feeling badly. He should have taken you on the train."

"Come here, my girl," said Aunt Althea. "Sit up in the window with me. Your father was not to blame. It was all my fault. No finer, more considerate, better man ever lived. Always remember that."

In November, 1891, Aunt Althea, her two youngest sons, Ozro and Wallace, together with Joseph, wife and children, went to Star Valley. Joseph was to run the flour mill for his father.

The next autumn Aunt Althea, Joseph and family, and Wallace moved back to Jordan. Ozro took up land in Star Valley and made it his home.

Althea's youngest son, Wallace, married Nellie Eggleston of Afton, Wyoming, in the Salt Lake Temple, September 20, 1898

They made their home with his mother at West Jordan. Wallace owned part of the farm, and the home was to be his after his mother's death.

Aunt Althea had been troubled with a bad cough for some time. Thinking a change of climate might do her good, she went out to Star Valley to Ozro's. She was given every consideration, but her condition grew rapidly worse, and she died July 10, 1899, aged sixty-five. Capable, energetic, spiritual, she was true to her husband, her children, and her God. Her remains were brought to West Jordan where her funeral was held. She was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

CHILDREN OF LAURA ALTHEA THOMPSON

George Delos: born December 21, 1853, at Mill Creek; died July 25, 1922, at Cokeville, Wyoming; married Eugenia Huffaker.

Lucia Adell: born June 1, 1856, at Mill Creek; died April 3, 1936, at Afton, Wyoming; married Brigham Gardner.

Archibald T.: born June 27, 1858, at Spanish Fork; died December 4, 1876, at Little Cottonwood Canyon.

Joseph Smith: born June 13, 1860, at Big Cottonwood; died June 13, 1901, at West Jordan; married Ariadne T. Huffaker.

Laura Althea: born June 13, 1863, at West Jordan; died March 15, 1877, at West Jordan.

Ellen Jannett: born March 9, 1865, at West Jordan; died December 15, 1914, at Taylorsville; married Ira Bennion.

Clinton Albert: born March 21, 1867, at West Jordan; died September 18, 1867, at West Jordan.

Hyrum Obed: born September 13, 1869, at West Jordan; died April 5, 1870, at West Jordan.

Brigham Ozro: born March 17, 1872, at West Jordan; married Emma Michalson.

Wallace Ward: born September 18, 1874, at West Jordan; died December 19, 1912, at West Jordan; married Nellie Eggleston.

Perry Wilburn: born December 14, 1876, at West Jordan; died April 2, 1878, at West Jordan.

JANE PARK

and

CHILDREN

JANE PARK GARDNER

Jane, daughter of David and Ann Brooks Park, was born April 15, 1834, at Warwick, Kent County, Canada. When she was but a small girl, her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When she was twelve, the family, a large one, left Canada with a company of Saints, including the Gardners, the Hamiltons, and her father's brother, William Park, and his family.

Her father and family stayed in Missouri to raise means to outfit for the western trip. In the spring of 1850 they joined some freighters coming west and crossed the plains in the usual "prairie schooner," arriving in the valley in the late summer. They settled in what was then known as Big Cottonwood, near her Uncle William and their old friends, the Gardners and Hamiltons.

They suffered the common privations of that day, and the girls had to "work out" to help. Jane learned from her mother how to do all kinds of hand sewing. She was expert in making both men's and women's clothing, and she "plied her trade." She helped the shoemaker finish the family shoes and did the housework for Aunt Margaret when Mary Ellen was born.

On August 24, 1852, she became the plural wife of Archibald Gardner, making her home at Mill Creek where her two children, Reuben and Ann Emmerett, were born. She went south to Spanish Fork at the time of the move and returned to Mill Creek after the "Utah War" was over.

Aunt Jane, as she was lovingly called by all members of the family, was ever industrious and co-operative. Many were the summers she cooked at the mills in Mill Creek, Little Cottonwood, and Weber Canyons. Out to the Green River she jostled over bad roads with Archie when, with others of his family, he went to get out ties for the incoming railroad. At Pleasant Grove she served the builders of the grist mill. She lived at the Big Cottonwood Mill on the State Road and for a number of years at the Miller Mill on the same stream. In the early days in the canyons she cooked for the mill hands over a fireplace and baked their bread in a bake skillet. Ann, her small daughter, helped smooth the way for the ox teams by removing rocks from the road.

Although her health was never very good, she resolutely labored on. If there was any fine sewing to be done, a wedding



Reuben

Jane Park, Mother

Ann E. G. Egbert

gown or the like—Aunt Jane was there to assist. Always her opinion and judgment were consulted in regard to Temple and burial clothes.

She was provided with a home of her own near the Jordan Mill where she and Reuben were living when she was stricken with a nervous disorder in the winter of '79 and '80. Removed to Margaret's, the girls, Rachael and Delila, helped nurse her back to health. Recovery was slow. She was troubled with nervousness for years.

She was one of the first members of the West Jordan Relief Society and served as a visiting teacher until released on account of failing health. She was a consistent Latter-day Saint and was loved and respected by all members of the family for her quiet and kindly nature.

She died following four months of severe suffering at her home in West Jordan, June 27, 1916, aged 82, after fourteen years of widowhood. She left her two children, many grandchildren, and some great grandchildren to cherish her memory. Many dear friends and neighbors recalled her good works. She was buried in the family plot in Salt Lake City Cemetery.

CHILDREN OF JANE PARK

Reuben: born July 29, 1853, at Mill Creek; died May 29, 1924, at West Jordan.

Ann Emmerett: born June 26, 1855, at Mill Creek; married Samuel W. Egbert.

SERENA EVENSEN

and

CHILDREN

SERENA EVENSEN

Tarjer Serine, daughter of Torjus Gahrsten and Guri Thorssen (or Torssen) was the seventh child in the family, and her advent into the world was under adverse circumstances, her father having died four months previously. Her oldest brother, Gahr, was fifteen at that time, her sister Anna, fifteen, Ann Gurine, ten, Thor, eight, Nils, six, and Peder, two and a-half. Privation and hardship were hers from birth. Her mother was a courageous and religious soul and instilled into her children's minds many valuable truths although having to labor constantly to provide for her little flock. She was a midwife and nurse and answered the call of distress any time day or night, in every kind of weather, across fjord or fen alone.

After five years of widowhood the mother married a second husband, Albert Gunstensen, and to this union was born a baby boy, Torjus Martin who died, aged two.

The stepfather was kind and considerate and got along well with the family. Their small farm consisted of tiny plots of ground on the mountain side which was carefully and laboriously tended by hand as machinery was unknown to them. When the harvest was ready, it was carried on sturdy backs from field to barn. Their simple fare consisted of rye bread, fish, milk, potatoes, and a few vegetables.

Serena's schooling was under a traveling schoolmaster who boarded a week at a time with a family, taught the children, then went to the next home. Eager to learn, she would follow him from place to place as long as the school was within walking distance. The master had taught for twenty years, and he said he had met with but one girl, a rich sea captain's daughter, who was as bright in her studies as Serena.

During the long northern winter evenings, for recreation the young people used to dance and skate on the ice of the fjords. This privilege was denied Serena. Her leisure was spent with her beloved books.

When fourteen and a-half years of age, she went to the priest at Reisor, eight miles from home, one day a week for a year to finish her education. When the final examination came, previous to confirmation, she appeared before the priest for her tests in the required subjects. She outdid all the others. The



Henry Serena Evensen, Mother Syrenus
Annie G. Francis Serena G. Andrus

priest said, "The city girls have their knowledge in their feet, but Serena has it in her head."

Confirmation was a big day in her young life. A new gown of black alpaca had been beautifully fashioned by a cousin in Reisor, and with her offering, some coins for the priest, she took her place with the best. The priest, knowing of her heroic struggle for an education, would not accept of her present.

After graduation she found employment in Reisor with a wealthy family. While here she met, fell in love with, and married Henrik Evensen, September 22, 1843. They made their home in Reisor.

"He had been a boy of great abilities. The curate of the parish came to his parents and advised them to send him to a higher school that he might get better learning as he thought him fit to go on in the 'learned line.' But their circumstances were not such that they could do it and he went to sea. After a few years he became captain of what was then called a great ship. When he adopted the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints he fell out with the chief owner, left and in company with another man bought a small freighting vessel. After some time it was shipwrecked and he was drowned." (From a letter from Chr. Svendsen, Norway, grandson of a sister of Henrik Evensen.)

From the Church records Andrew Jensen, Assistant Church Historian gives this information: "Henrik Evensen, born 30 August, 1814 at Osterrisor, Norway. Baptized 25 June, 1852, at Osterrisor by Johan A. Ahmanson.

"He was ordained a priest June 25, 1852 and soon afterwards was drowned accidentally at sea.

"Tarjer Serine Gahrnsen Evensen was born 18 August, 1822, at Nipe, Sondloi Sogn, Norway; baptized 25 June, 1852 at Osterrisor by Elder John Ahmanson.

"The first Norwegian baptized in Norway was John Olsen November 26, 1851 by Hans F. Peterson who on the same day also baptized Peter Adamson. The next Norwegians baptized in Norway were Henrik Evensen and his wife Tarjer Serine at Osterrisor 25 June, 1852."

Thus she was the first Norwegian woman in Norway to be

ushered into the fold of Christ. This was five days before her son Erastus was born.

Henrik was ordained a priest the day he was baptized, traveled locally for about ten weeks enthusiastically preaching the Gospel amidst the greatest opposition. Members and Elders suffered all kinds of abuse. Many of the latter were thrown into prison.

In a letter written in Copenhagen, December 15, 1851, Elder Erastus Snow says, "We have been endeavoring to extend operations into all the principal islands and provinces of this little State (Denmark) as also to Norway, and in most places where we have tried we have gained a footing, although the difficulties we have had to encounter cannot be realized by those who have only labored in England. In many places here, to embrace the Gospel is almost equal to the sacrifice of one's life; and to travel and preach it, a man carries his life in his hands."

One night, shortly after joining the Church, Serena was tending the children of some converts who were being baptized. A boisterous mob surrounded the house, making all sorts of threats and throwing rocks on the roof. Finally, they decided to leave.

On Sunday, December 5th, 1852, a number of Elders imprisoned at Frederikstad for preaching the Gospel, received the sad news that two of the brethren, Henrik Evensen (one of the first converts to Mormonism in Osterrisor) and Halvor Targensen had met their death by drowning at sea.

It was a terrible day when the angry waves swallowed up the freighting vessel bearing Henrik home from his last trip to Denmark before sailing for Zion. He, his companion, and boat went down in the fjord almost within sight of home. All that was salvaged was his vest and a chain made of Serena's own yellow hair beautifully and expertly braided and fastened together with bands of gold. This she treasured to the day of her death.

The Call of the Sea

When a little girl, Serena loved to climb to the top of a tall pine tree near her home and watch the ships go out to sea. In sweet tones she would sing, "I wish I were in America."

"Hush, child;" her mother would say, "your brothers are

sailing the sea, and I do not wish to hear you say such things. There is witch in your words."

Serena was now a widow with four small children. Torjus, her oldest son, a boy of six, had died November 18, 1849. She was a member of an unpopular sect. Her kinsfolks felt disgraced because of her. They said she was crazy or possessed of evil spirits to consider going to a foreign land and with so unpopular a people.

Her oldest brother Gahr had been to California in the gold rush of '49 and had amassed a fortune. He now came to her and offered her a bag of gold if she would forsake her religion and remain in Norway. Her mother in tears begged her not to leave her. But the Truth was dearer to her than anything on earth. She never wavered from her original purpose of going to Zion.

The snow was six feet deep on the level that winter day when the boat in which she began her westward journey pulled out to sea. She long remembered the form of her dear mother silhouetted against the whiteness of the mountain peaks of her homeland, weeping and wringing her hands and waving a last farewell.

Trouble developed in the mechanism of the boat, and it was necessary to make the nearest port for repairs. They landed in Arendal, Norway, in a blinding snowstorm. With her babe in her arms and three others clinging to her skirts she sought lodgings until the boat was ready to move on. Once, twice, three times she was refused lodgings because she was a Mormon and would not deny it. The third time the woman answering the door told her she hadn't the heart to turn her away in so terrible a storm. She took her in and kept her six days.

Her first destination was Copenhagen, Denmark, the headquarters of the Scandinavian Mission. From here in the afternoon of December 22, 1853, the first emigrant company of the season and the third emigrating company of the Saints from Scandinavia (three hundred one souls) set sail on board the steamship "Slesvig" under the presidency of Christian J. Larsen. A large concourse of people had assembled at the wharf in Copenhagen to witness the departure of the "Mormons" and a great deal of bitterness and hard feelings were manifested.

The president of the Scandinavian Mission, John Van Cott, accompanied the emigrants as far as England.

Their route first took them south to Kiel, Germany, then by rail across the country to Gluckstadt, near the mouth of the Elbe River, where they shipped via the North Sea to Hull, England, thence across England by rail to Liverpool where they arrived December 28. On the first day of January, 1854, they went on board the ship "Jesse Munn." A few German Saints swelled the total number of souls to three hundred thirty-three. The company sailed from Liverpool January 3, 1854, and after a prosperous journey arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi River January 16th.

During the voyage twelve of the emigrants died, namely, two adults and ten children. Three couples were married.

One of the children to find a watery grave was little three-and-a-half-year-old Marie, beloved daughter of Serena. On Monday, February 20th, the "Jesse Munn" arrived at New Orleans where Christian J. and Svend Larsen made a contract for the further transportation of the company to St. Louis, Missouri, and on Saturday, January 25th, the river journey to that city began. Owing to the unusually low water in the Mississippi that season the passage up the river was slow and tedious. As a result of the change of climate and difference in the mode of living, the Norwegian Saints fell as easy prey to cholera of a very malignant type which broke out among the emigrants, resulting in an appalling number of deaths.

Westport, now a part of Kansas City, Missouri, had been selected as the outfitting place for the Saints who crossed the plains that year. A second company of Scandinavian Saints had left Copenhagen a few days after the foregoing one and crossed the ocean in the "Benjamin Adams". They came the same route and the two companies were amalgamated at Westport and organized for the journey across the plains, May 9th, under the leadership of Hans Peter Olsen. The company, which consisted of sixty-nine wagons, was divided into six smaller companies with a captain and ten or twelve wagons each. To each wagon were attached four oxen and two cows. A number of reserve oxen were taken along. From ten to twelve persons were assigned to each wagon. Oxen, wagons, tents and other traveling equipment had cost more than had been anticipated, and as a result a number of the emigrants ran short of means and were unable to

furnish a full outfit. Some of the more well-to-do contributed freely of their means to their less fortunate brethren so that none were left in the States through lack of money. Towards the close of May, another camping place was chosen about eight miles west of Kansas City, from which place the emigrants commenced their long tedious journey over the plains on Thursday, June 15, 1854.

In packing her belongings preparatory to the western trek, Serena found she had more goods than room allowed her in the wagon. With many regrets she disposed of feather beds, down quilts, and other valuables she had brought from her native land which would have added so much to her comfort later.

This company traveled over a new but shorter route. When about twenty miles out from Kansas City, a halt was called. Nearly all the teams were too heavily loaded. The emigrants had taken too much baggage along, contrary to instructions. At the suggestion of Brother Olsen some of the brethren went to Leavenworth City, about thirty miles from the camping place, to consult Apostle Orson Pratt, who in his capacity of emigrant agent had located in that city. Elder Pratt advanced the company sufficient money to buy fifty oxen, after which the journey continued. A few days west of Fort Kearney, the company, on the fifth of August, met Apostle Erastus Snow and other Elders from the valley who were enroute to missions in the States. Elder Snow held a meeting with the Scandinavian Saints and addressed them in their native tongue, which caused great rejoicing.

Of all the emigrant companies that this year crossed the plains, the Scandinavians suffered most with cholera. During their temporary sojourn near Westport as well as on the steamboats, fatalities were more numerous. Scores fell victims of the dreadful disease, and many of the Saints were compelled to bury their relatives and friends without coffins on the desolate plains. So great was the mortality among them that of the six hundred eighty souls who had left Copenhagen the previous winter only about five hundred reached their destination, Salt Lake City, October 5, 1854.

A good deal of the way across the plains Serena, as did many others, tramped beside her wagon. One day her baby Erastus, two years old, was put to sleep in the wagon. In going down a hill the front wheel went into a deep chuck, and the

wagon overturned completely, with Erastus underneath. As soon as possible it was lifted. The little fellow was found to be embedded in a hole of thick, sticky mud. His eyes, mouth, and ears were filled completely and he could not breathe. He was unconscious and turning dark. Hastily he was cleansed, prayed over, worked with, and after what seemed an interminable time he began to breathe and was soon good as new.

Serena met many Indians during the western pilgrimage who greatly interested her. She had beautiful yellow beads that reached to her knees. An Indian chief offered her ten dollars in gold for one. She needed the money badly enough, but she said, "No." She did not wish to bring trouble to her fellow travelers.

Serena arrived in Salt Lake City that fifth of October, 1854, with no means, and twenty dollars in debt to the emigration fund. Daniel H. Wells opened his home to her and her children. Here she industriously labored to pay for their board and keep until Christmas. At this time Thomas Wimmer gave her a room, some flour, wood, and a small stove. With these she managed to make out for the rest of the winter although provisions ran perilously low at times. She spun yarn, wove it into cloth, and was able to repay Brother Wimmer. He admired her indomitable spirit and was kind and attentive, in fact, proposed marriage to her. But she preferred to struggle on by herself. More than once when food supplies were down to rock bottom she opened the door on a wintry morning to find a sack of flour on the doorstep and the large foot prints of the donor in the snow. More than once when her wood supply was almost gone, a load was deposited in her yard. She made enquiries as to who her benefactor was and found it to be none other than the Scotch miller, Archibald Gardner, friend of the needy. A strong bond of mutual affection sprang up between them. They were married November 10, 1856.

She was established in a humble home in Mill Creek. A recent emigrant, speaking a foreign tongue, she was extremely eager to learn the language of the land of her adoption. Althea, one of her husband's wives, was teaching school nearby. She would go to her. What if the rest of the pupils were small children? That did not dampen her ardour nor dissuade her from her purpose. Every day she possibly could she trudged to school. Althea was sympathetic and kind and gave her all

possible attention. The term was short, but she learned to read English well. Her understanding of the language improved, but her speech always remained broken.

In the early spring of '58, although expecting a new addition to her family, she went south in company with others of the Gardner clan to Spanish Fork. Living quarters must be provided for them. So Archibald set up a saw mill; lumber was turned out, and a house of weather boards built on the corner where Neil L. Gardner's home now stands. It was a long house with three rooms facing south. The room on the west was about sixteen by eighteen feet with a fire place in the west end and a smaller room at the back. The center room was large, about sixteen by twenty-two feet. The room on the east was about the size of the one on the west. All four rooms were lined with adobes to make them a bit more comfortable. Serena occupied the two rooms on the west. Here Henry was born May 15, 1858. Archibald was called the following year to be bishop of West Jordan Ward, and most of the family moved back to Salt Lake County.

Serena's twins, Syrenus and Serena, were born April 29, 1860. On this occasion she was attended by Aunt Venus, a Negress midwife in the family of John Redd, a convert from the South who had brought his slaves to Utah with him. During the summer of 1862 she moved to the home by the Jordan River in the "Big Hay Field". Here she lived for a few years. When her oldest daughter, Regina, married Archibald's oldest son, Neil, January 10, 1863, and moved to Spanish Fork to look after the family interests there, she longed to be near them. One day when some of her husband's freighters were going to Spanish Fork, she persuaded them to take her and family with them to the old home she had left. The rest of her life was spent in that vicinity. Regina and Neil had purchased the home on the east corner of the same block from John Angus for sixty bushels of wheat, and a well-trodden path connected the homes of mother and daughter. The strongest bonds of affection united them. Never a day passed but they spent part of it together. When land on the east bench was opened to entry, she took up a quarter section and Even, her son, another. Later, land on the "New Survey" was offered for sale, and Even bought up several plots. Erastus later bought Even's East Bench land, and Serena divided hers between Henry and Syrenus.

Even built a home on his property in what is now Leland, and he and his mother made their home there for the rest of their lives.

She learned to spin and weave in Norway, and in the early days of Utah she garnered in many a dollar from the products of her loom. Up at four in the morning, she labored hours before any one else was about. Then "early to bed" was her motto. She was never idle. When located on the farm at Leland, she made butter and raised chickens. Two or three days a week with her basket of eggs and butter she walked to town to market—two and a-half miles. She did this until after she was seventy-five years of age.

Her home was always opened to the emigrant. Many families have been sheltered there until they could establish a home of their own; many orphans and friendless ones found there a haven of peace.

Her religion was always most dear to her. The need for teaching the Gospel to the children was felt by her long before Primary associations were organized. In the early days in Spanish Fork when her children were small, she often gathered them together with the neighbors kiddies around a fire which the youngsters built and tended and told them stories of the Bible and of the Church's history and sang to them in sweet tones the songs of Zion.

She was honest to a cent. She never used slang. She read and loved the Scriptures. When her eyes grew dim with age, whoever came to see her, read to her from the well-worn pages of her precious Bible, Book of Mormon or other Church works the words that were music to her soul.

She was meek and kindly in spirit but endowed with indomitable courage and faith in God that sustained her to the end of her long and colorful life.

She passed away January 11, 1911, at her home in Leland, aged eighty-eight years, four months, and twenty-four days.

"Let us think with pride of our pioneer dead
And follow the exemplary lives they led."

Annie Gardner Francis.

CHILDREN OF SERENA GAHRSEN

Henry: born May 15, 1838, at Spanish Fork; died September 21, 1936, at Spanish Fork; married Elizabeth Martell.

Syrenus: born April 29, 1860, at Spanish Fork; married Josephine Hanson.

Serena: born April 29, 1860, at Spanish Fork; married Alma Andrus.

Annie: born January 14, 1866, at Spanish Fork; married Joseph Francis.

SARAH JANE HAMILTON

and

CHILD

SARAH JANE HAMILTON

Sarah Jane Hamilton, daughter of James Lang and Mary Ann Campbell Hamilton, was born in Goodrich, near Toronto, Canada, June 11, 1842. She moved with her family to Nauvoo when five years of age, and when the Saints were expelled from the state, she traveled westward with them. They remained at Winter Quarters five years. She often told of meeting Indians, with whom her fellow travelers traded food for beads. She remembered people who were stricken and died of cholera while on their way to the Valley.

The Hamiltons arrived in Salt Lake City, October 6, 1852, and spent the first few days with the family of William Gardner.

Jane became proficient in scouring and washing wool, weaving it into cloth, and making homespun clothes, worn then by everyone. She collected, bleached, and braided straw for the making of hats. Arrayed in products of her own hands, she walked six miles to Salt Lake City to attend church. Jane was large of stature—six feet tall.

Oftimes she suffered for lack of food that others might have more, and at one time became so weak she was unable to arise from her bed. Her father appealed to William Gardner for some meal. It was made into cakes by her mother, and she pronounced them the best she ever tasted.

She married Archibald Gardner June 17th, 1857, in Brigham Young's office. James H. Gardner of Lehi is the only child of this union. She attended the celebration held at Silver Lake, now Brighton, in Big Cottonwood Canyon, July 24th, 1857. She vividly recalled the dancing, singing, and meetings of the Pioneers on that historic occasion which was rudely interrupted by the arrival of Elias A. Smith, Abraham O. Smoot, and Orin Porter Rockwell who brought the news to Brigham Young that Johnston's Army was on its way to Utah. She went south with the family to Spanish Fork at the time of the "move." She journeyed back to the house near the mill on the Big Cottonwood on the State Highway where James H. was born. Not long after this she and her husband separated.

She with her baby returned to her parents in Mill Creek and labored at spinning for different people in that locality, walking many miles to her work. She left her son James the while with



Sarah Jane Hamilton, Mother

James Hamilton

her mother. She finally obtained a position at the home of Bishop Reuben Miller of Mill Creek as cook and laundress. Here she became proficient in these lines of work under the direction of Mrs. Miller who was a trained woman in household arts. Brigham Young and his associates often visited this home. She met her future husband, Samuel L. Howard, while working here, and they were married April 1, 1863, in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, by George Q. Cannon. Samuel L. Howard was a very splendid man, and to this union nine children were born.

Millcreek was their residence for ten years. In 1876, with their five children, they moved to Riverton, becoming early settlers in that region. In 1878 an epidemic of diphtheria scourged this locality, and two children passed away. Amid this sorrow she gave birth to a son. We cannot describe her grief in this trial. She was the mother of ten children.

All through her life she was a devoted and active church worker. She was president of the Relief Society for years, spending much time in caring for the sick, assisting the poor and many times was called to lay out the dead. It was not an unusual thing to see her filling her basket with food for some unfortunate family who had lost a mother or other loved one. Many still living recall her kind and soothing words to them, when, as children, deep sorrow weighed them down.

She received and distributed the mail for Riverton before a post office had been established in that town.

She possessed a strong active mind, alert to every question of the day. She read extensively on all current topics and could discuss any subject in an able manner. She was honest in her dealings, always giving over measure rather than under, and meeting her obligations the same way, keeping her word to the letter. She was thrifty and industrious, and a splendid cook.

She died at Riverton, Utah, March 16, 1924, at the age of eighty-one years.

CHILDREN OF SARAH JANE HAMILTON

James Hamilton: born July 27, 1859, at Big Cottonwood; married Rhoda T. Huffaker.

ELIZABETH ELINOR LEWIS RAGLIN

ELIZABETH DOWDING

and

CHILD OF HARRIET ARMITAGE

HARRIET ARMITAGE LARTER

Harriet Armitage Larter: born in England; died in 1866 at Moroni, Sanpete County; married June 17, 1837; divorced.

CHILDREN OF HARRIET ARMITAGE

Lovina: born April 1, 1858, at Spanish Fork; died June 29, 1934, at Salt Lake City; married Sidney Savage and Levi Naylor.

William Armitage: born April 6, 1860, at Spanish Fork; died September 15, 1862, at Spanish Fork.

ELIZABETH DOWDING

Elizabeth Dowding: born in England; died in August, 1921; married in April, 1867; divorced.

CHILDREN OF ELIZABETH DOWDING

William Henry: born January 29, 1869, at West Jordan; died August 11, 1873, at West Jordan.

ELIZABETH ELINOR LEWIS RAGLIN

Elizabeth Elinor Lewis Raglin: born December 4, 1832, at Buchanan, Missouri; divorced.



Elizabeth E. Raglin Lewis

Elizabeth Dowding

Lovina G., daughter of Harriet Armitage

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARY LARSEN GARDNER

By Lillian Widdison

Mary Larsen Gardner was born in far-off Denmark on the small island of Mo'en in the quaint little town of Aske-Bye, on June 15, 1850. Her mother was Karen Stine Olsen. Her father was Hans Larsen. He was a sea captain and owned a small sailing vessel, making his regular voyages to Iceland, Greenland, and all the countries that could be reached with such a small ship. He was a very successful sailor and became rather prosperous. Late in the fall when little Mary was only four years old he made a trip to England for coal. The weather was stormy and the north seas very rough, and so, after weeks of anxious waiting and watching, with the candle constantly burning in the window, the family he left behind lost hope for the ship that never returned, and no word was ever received, either of the ship or any of her ill-fated crew.

Some few years later Mormon Elders visited their home, and the mother Karen and her father were soon converted and baptized into the Church by Mos Jorgensen on May 3, 1857. In the early spring of 1859 the mother with her two small children, Mary and Andrew, and her aged father, decided to come to Utah. They disposed of all their nice things, almost giving them away, and secured passage on the old sailing ship "Tipscott". The voyage was a long and tedious one. The mast of the old ship caught fire and burned, causing them to float in mid-ocean for many weeks, but finally, after about three months, they landed in New York. They then journeyed westward. At Omaha several families were assigned to one wagon, and of course there was no room for anything else but food and bedding. Each morning the little old grandpa would tie a tin cup and a sack containing a few biscuits to his belt and take the two children, the one six and the other eight, by the hand and start out ahead of the company. When they became weary, they would sit down by the roadside, and if there should be a stream near, they would have a drink and eat their crusts. They landed in Pleasant Grove, Utah in the fall of 1859, foot-sore and weary but with thanksgiving in their hearts for having reached their destination.

Mary's early life was spent in Pleasant Grove, doing odd jobs, working and toiling—many times hungry and cold. She grew to womanhood, and when Archibald Gardner built his mill



A. Bruce
E. Adelbert
Wilford W.

Mary Larsen, Mother
Lillian E. G. Widdison

Clarence
Edwin L.
Franklyn R.

there, it was she whom he chose to be his last—his eleventh wife. She cocked for mill hands along with the other women and girls and lived in many different homes, finally moving to West Jordan. Here Bruce, Clarence, Adelbert, Royal, and Edwin were born in the house on the hill by the mill adjoining the store managed by Ben Driggs. Lillian and Wilford were born in the adobe house known as Aunt Jane's house. She was ambitious and proud and kept her little house spotless. Her floors were scrubbed white, and her tin plates shone as they stood in a row on the shelf. She was an expert seamstress and used to make red flannel shirts and many tailored articles to be sold in the store.

When Wilford was about a year old, father decided it was about time mother should have a home of her own. Father owned a large tract of land on the bench which was divided among his wives and sons. Mother was given a forty-five-acre farm which father built a beautiful white brick house for her. Her soul was filled with joy and happiness. She was very proud of this first new home, and she spent much of her time helping her young sons with the farm work, for they had full charge and were far too young to know what was best to do. Bruce, the eldest, was then about eleven, Clarence, ten, Dell, eight, Ed, four. Little Royal had died with pneumonia when he was but six months old. Mother was a very able teacher and a grand companion to her children, so they got along fine although it was a hard deal for a mother with a family.

Frank was born in the new home, and we children were very happy over our little brother. This was at the time of the raid when men with more than one family were in constant danger of being taken by the deputy marshal and thrust into prison, and even small children were frightened when they saw a black-top buggy in the neighborhood, for we knew they were the only ones who were able to travel in such fine style. There were many times when we children were greatly troubled. The sad look on mother's face made us worry for fear father was in danger, while he, with his many families, his public duties, his Church work, the mills, the canals, etc., was seldom home, and we wondered if he had been taken. One time he saw the buggy coming, so he stepped down into the Bingham Ditch under the bridge, and an old turkey gobbler with his flock peeked down and gobbled just as the marshals arrived, but they passed over the bridge, and father went on about his many duties. Another time

MARY LARSEN

and

CHILDREN

that I remember well was when a deputy by the name of Franks came to search the house. He ransacked every room downstairs, and then mother took him up stairs. In one corner of a bedroom stood a large square bedding box filled with quilts. He went to the box, lifted the lid and began removing the quilts. It was then that my mother grew angry, and I remember how she in her indignation said, "Mr. Franks, you will never find Bishop Gardner hiding in a bedding box; you will find him on a canal or digging a mill race or at some public gathering."

He replied, "I know that, Mrs. Gardner, but you know we must do our duty. We have known where Mr. Gardner was many times but we have gone on and left him doing good, unmolested."

To this mother expressed her gratitude. He was never taken to jail, but he and his families were made very uncomfortable many times.

About this time President Woodruff advised father to take his youngest family and move to Star Valley where people were looked upon with more tolerance. In the fall of 1890 mother was called upon to take her family and leave her home unfinished, and go out into a new, wild country. The journey was a long and tiresome one, and hard on my dear parents. They traveled in a one-seated buggy without a top. Frank was about two years old and sat on his mother's lap all the way, and as my father was large of stature, he had to have plenty of room to drive, so he kept his knees well apart, using two-thirds of the seat, which made it very hard on mother. He drove an old white mare named Zell, and in my memory I can still hear him cluck at her as he tried to urge her on. I was seated in the back with my feet hanging out, too young to realize what a hard journey it really was. Bruce, Clarence, Dell, Ed, and Wilford rode in the wagon containing the household goods they brought with them.

Upon our arrival at Afton we found a log house with two rooms, one for mother and family and the other for Brig and Della and family. We were real pioneers, and the few people who had already located there were very poor. Father was always known as a poor man's friend, and mother with a heart equally as large, found plenty of opportunity to relieve suffering and cheer the weary. Mother did much for the sick. She loved the young people, and our home was their gathering place.

She was very religious and a faithful Relief Society worker and officer. She was First Councillor of Harriet Cazier in the ward, and later was a First Councillor on the Stake Board for many years. She spent much time traveling by team over the two valleys of the Salt River, in all kinds of weather. Sacrament meetings always found her on the front seat, and she was known as an "Israelite without guile." She sent three sons on missions: Clarence to the Eastern States, Dell to Samoa, and Frank to South Africa. She took her younger children to Logan, Utah, to school for three years, traveling by wagon each spring and fall, and struggling hard to make a success of it. She cared for Frank's three motherless children for a year and a half.

She had suffered for years with a bad leg and was taken to the L. D. S. Hospital in Salt Lake City for treatment. Here she remained just one month when she contracted pneumonia and passed away on October 20, 1921, and was laid to rest in the family plot in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

CHILDREN OF MARY LARSEN

Andrew Bruce: born February 5, 1874, at West Jordan; married Elizabeth Baxter.

Clarence: born November 6, 1875, at West Jordan; married Aliee Ann Burton.

Earnest Adelbert: born February 14, 1877, at West Jordan; married Kate Roberts.

Royal: born September 11, 1879, at West Jordan; died March 3, 1880, at West Jordan.

Edwin Leroy: born May 16, 1881, at West Jordan; married Dagmer E. Blanchard and Emily H. Denmead.

Lillian Elnora: born March 2, 1883, at West Jordan; married James G. Widdison.

Wilford Woodruff: born May 17, 1885, at West Jordan; married Annie G. Buttler.

Franklyn Richard: born July 23, 1888, at West Jordan; married Leona Rich and Mary Luthi.

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ADOPTED CHILDREN

Carrie Andrus: born September 17, 1872, at Mill Creek; father, Milo Andrus; mother, Emma; married Robert Gardner.

Fanny (an Indian girl): born March 14, 1848, at Weber; died July 31, 1879, at West Jordan.



CHILDREN OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER LIVING IN 1939
First Row—Syrénus, Edwin; Second Row—Ellen, Serena, Annie, Rachel; Third Row—Clarence, Frank,
Delbert, Lillian, Rebekah, Bruce; Fourth Row—Robert, Ozro, James H., Wilford

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